PSYCHO

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A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

NO. 12
MAY 1973

...THIS IS A PLACE OF LUNATICS!

-WHERE WE GO ON A "LUNATIC PICNIC"

-WHERE THE HEAP BECOMES A RAVING MADMAN!

-WHERE THE MANIACAL "MAD-DOLL MAN" COMES TO KILL!

WE BID YOU ENTER THIS...

ASYLUM ISSUE!

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PSYCHO

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STUDIES IN HORROR

THE SWORDSMAN OF SARN

THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS

THE MAD-DOLL MAN

Welcome to my asylum

LUNATIC PICNIC

...welcome...
...to the
Asylum
Issue...

...wherein lunatic picnics, a weird swordsman and a mad-doll-man creep about laughing and snickering over insane tales of the archaic macabre...

...this is the...

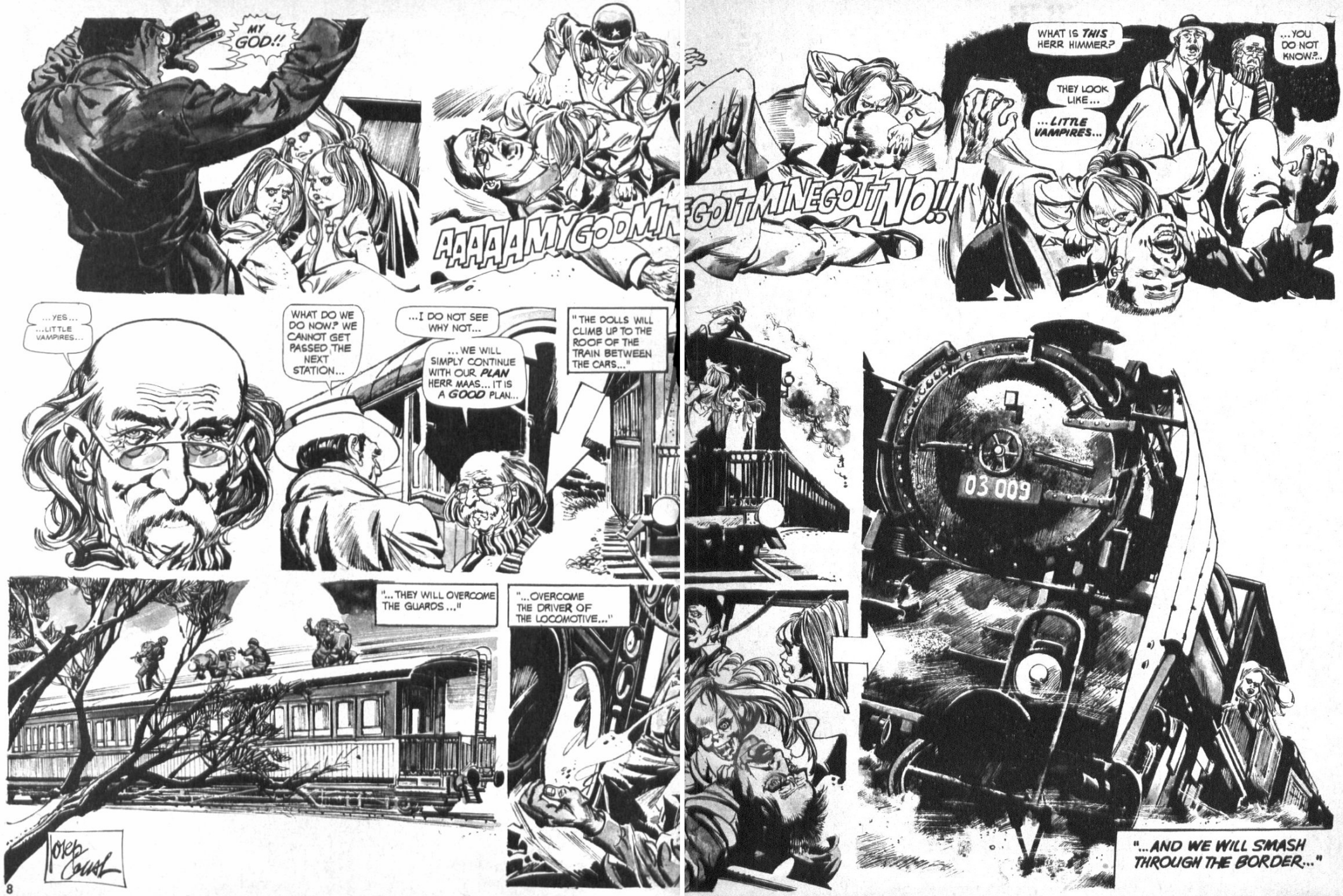
Psycho Asylum

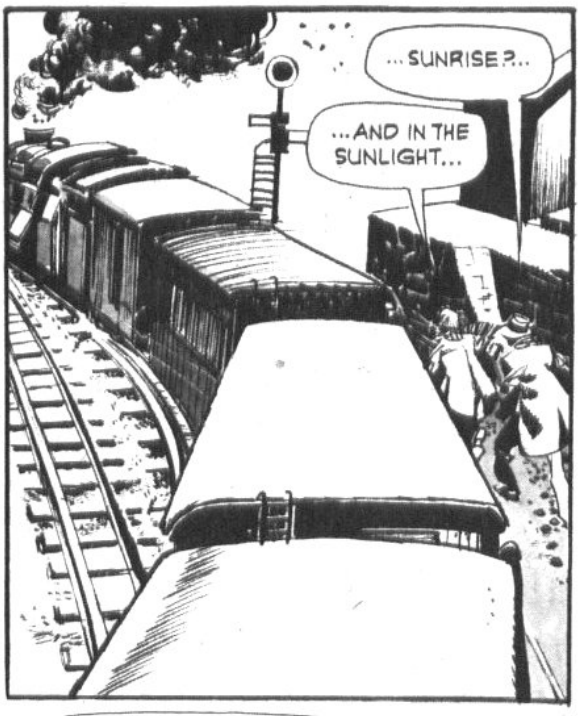
NUMBER 12 MAY 1973

...WHAT IS THIS?..
...WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS??...
...A DOLL? A WALKING CORPSE-DOLL??... ...INDEED IT IS AS IT APPEARS... FOR THIS MANIACAL MACHINATION ALMOST BREATHES IN ITS ASTONISHING MECHANICAL INTRICACY ...EVEN ITS BLACK-HORRIBLE AND INHUMAN EYES SEEM TO RIP INTO THE NIGHT AIR AND GLARE AS IF POSSESSED...
...BUT THIS DOLL - IF THAT IT BE - IS POSSESSED ...POSSESSED BY A MADMAN NEARBY WHO NOW AWAITS ITS ARRIVAL HOME... THE PLACE: EAST BERLIN... THE TIME: NOW ...THE STORY: LUNATIC...
...THE TITLE:
THE MAD-DOLL MAN
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE... BY HEWETSON AND GUAL

GOOD MORNING HERR HIMMER!
AH GOOD MORNING HERR MAAS...
...AND HERR SPIEGEL...
...HOW IS THE DOLL MAN THIS MORNING?...
OH VERY TIRED GENTLEMEN...
...I WORKED ALL LAST NIGHT ON DOLLS FOR CHRISTMAS... YOU KNOW -- OVER THE CHRISTMAS SEASON I NEED MANY DOLLS... I MUST WORK MANY NIGHTS...
I WAS UP ALL NIGHT LAST NIGHT!
...YES HERR HIMMER...
...WE KNOW YOU WERE...
...OH?... HOW IS THIS??...
I FOLLOWED YOUR DOLL...
WHAT?
...I SAW IT IN THE GRAVEYARD WHERE I WAS... ON WATCH... I AM AS YOU KNOW A MEMBER OF THE SECRET POLICE... I WAS WATCHING FOR WOULD-BE DEFECTORS IN THE EAST-WEST GRAVEYARD ZONE... AND I SAW YOUR DOLL HERR HIMMER... SAW HER CROSS FROM THE WEST AND ENTER THRU THAT GRAVEYARD SITE AND THEN COME HERE TO YOUR SHOP IN THE EAST...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY HERR MAAS!!
... I'M SURE YOU DON'T...
...THE DOLL?...
...WHERE IS THE DOLL HIMMER...
...THE DOLL... YES... WHERE IS THE DOLL?
...WELL, SPIEGEL WILL FIND THE DOLL...
OH NO... STAY AWAY FROM MY DOLLS HERR SPIEGEL...
I CANNOT SAY!
...WHERE IS THE DOLL HIMMER?
CRAKKK KURK
SPIEGEL...
...BREAK SOME DOLLS!...
OH MY GOD NO NO-- NO GENTLEMEN-- NO, I WILL TELL YOU... PLEASE DON'T HURT MY DOLLS...
HERE... WITHIN THIS BOX...
...SO...
MY GOD HIMMER... IT IS AMAZING... ALTHOUGH WHY DID YOU MAKE IT SO HIDEOUS... WELL, NOMATTER... TELL US... WHAT IS IT USED FOR?
...AND REMEMBER... IF YOU DO NOT TELL US -- VOLUNTARILY -- THERE ARE MANY MORE DOLLS FOR HERR SPIEGEL TO SMASH...
...I...I WORK FOR THE UNDERGROUND... I SMUGGLE PAPERS OVER THE BORDER INTO WEST BERLIN... JUST PAPERS... THAT IS ALL...
...I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU... FRIEND HIMMER...
...FRIEND?..
...HEH HEH... YES MY FRIEND... I WOULD DEFECT ALSO... AND SPIEGEL HERE TOO... I WAS IN THAT GRAVEYARD LAST NIGHT NOT TO SPY BUT WAS TRYING TO THINK OF HOW I MIGHT GET ACROSS... WITH MY FAMILY-- I SAW YOUR DOLL I KNEW HOW!
...MY DOLLS?..
...I HAVE MANY...
DOLLS?... YOU HAVE MORE THAN ONE?
...EXCELLENT... HERE NOW IS MY PLAN...

...THERE ARE MANY WHO WOULD ESCAPE THE TYRANNY OF THE EAST GERMAN COMMUNISTS... WE CAN GATHER THEM TOGETHER... ON A CERTAIN NIGHT SOON, WE CAN HAVE THEM ALL BOARD A TRAIN FOR 'INNOCENT' PURPOSES... THAT TRAIN HAS AN ADJOINING TRACK TO WEST BERLIN AT THE END OF THE LINE... IF YOUR DOLLS CAN OVERCOME THE MANY AND ARMED GUARDS ABOARD WE WILL SMASH THROUGH THE FRONTIER INTO THE WEST...
...DO YOU THINK IT CAN WORK HERR HIMMER.?..
...IT IS MAD ENOUGH THAT IT JUST MIGHT HERR MAAS!...
EVERYONE IS BOARDING THE TRAIN HERR HIMMER, WITH THE OTHER PASSENGERS... EVERYTHING APPEARS NORMAL ... WE HAVE GATHERED OVER 35 PEOPLE WHO WOULD DEFECT...
MY DOLLS ARE ALSO READY... THEY ARE IN THAT CASE...
...EXCELLENT... NOW IF ALL GOES AS PLANNED WE SHALL BE IN THE WESTERN SECTOR BEFORE DAWN...
...AH-- THE TRAIN MOVES...
...WHEN DO I MAKE MY MOVE HERR MAAS?...
...SOON ENOUGH...
...WHERE IS HERR SPIEGEL ?
I DO NOT KNOW-- I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE BOARDED THE TRAIN...
...I AM SUSPICIOUS...
...I DID NOT SEE HIM BRING HIS FAMILY ABOARD...
...DO YOU THINK THAT...
...OH MY GOD...
...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..
DEFECTORS...
...TRAITORS...
...ENEMIES OF THE STATE
...FOOLS...
...YOU ARE ALL-- UNDER ARREST!
...SPIEGEL... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!
...YOU...
...AND YOU MAAS... WILL PROBABLY EITHER GO TO THE SALT MINES OR BE SHOT!...
...AN OFFICER WHO IS A TRAITOR.?...YOU WERE SUCH A FOOL TO BELIEVE THAT SO PROUD A GERMAN AS I WOULD EVER DEFECT MY COUNTRY... NO... I ADVISED THE AUTHORITIES OF YOUR PLANS AND I WAS GIVEN PERMISSION TO LET YOU CONTINUE...
...YOU SEE MAAS, WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.? YOU HAVE DRAGGED 35 OTHER PERSONS INTO THIS CRIMINAL ACTION WITH YOU...
...THE POLICE AWAIT US AT THE NEXT STATION...
...WHAT IS THIS ?...


MY GOD!!
AAAAAMYGODMINEGOTTMINEGOTTNO!!
WHAT IS THIS HERR HIMMER?
...YOU DO NOT KNOW?..
THEY LOOK LIKE...
...LITTLE VAMPIRES...
...YES... ...LITTLE VAMPIRES...
WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE CANNOT GET PASSED THE NEXT STATION...
...I DO NOT SEE WHY NOT...
...WE WILL SIMPLY CONTINUE WITH OUR PLAN HERR MAAS... IT IS A GOOD PLAN...
"THE DOLLS WILL CLIMB UP TO THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN BETWEEN THE CARS..."
"...THEY WILL OVERCOME THE GUARDS..."
"...OVERCOME THE DRIVER OF THE LOCOMOTIVE..."
03 009
"...AND WE WILL SMASH THROUGH THE BORDER..."

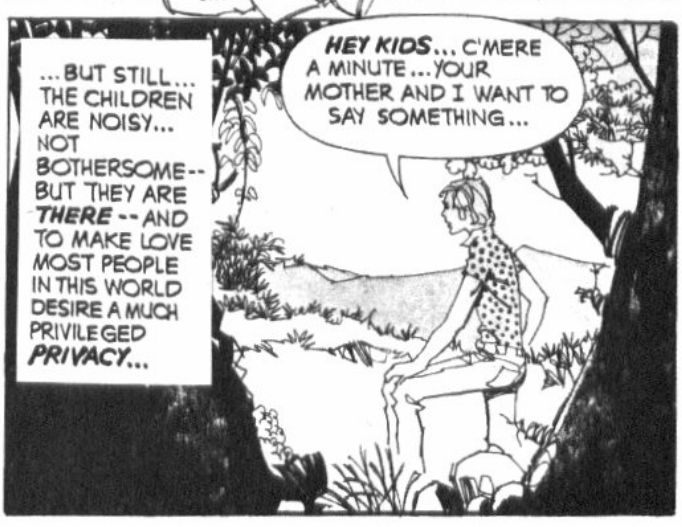


...IN WEST BERLIN, WEST GERMANY, THIS MORNING MANY PEOPLE CELEBRATED THEIR LIBERATION AND FREEDOM... THEY DID NOT STOP TO WONDER, AS DID ONE MAN, HERR *FELIX MAAS,* OF A STRANGE AND MAD KIND OF DEATH... THE DEATH OF SEVERAL VAMPIRE MARIONETTES, AND THE *MAN OF WOOD* WHO PULLED AND JERKED THEIR MAD PUPPET STRINGS... THE *MAD-DOLL MAN*... ... NOW DECEASED...

...FINIS...

...THERE ARE NO SATURDAY-SUNDAY CROWDS IN THIS PLACE...IT IS QUIET...ONLY THE HAPPY SOUNDS OF THE GIGGLING GIRL; THE MANIACAL, ONLY HALF HUMOROUS WICKED LAUGHTER OF THE BOYS... THE WHISPERINGS BETWEEN THE MOTHER AND FATHER... ARE HEARD BY THOSE WHO WISH TO LISTEN...
HEWETSON AND ZESAR

...IT HAS BEEN YEARS SINCE THE MAN AND WOMAN HAVE FELT SO FREE -- SO AWAY AND ALIVE -- AND TO BE SO COMPLETELY AWAY FROM CITY-DAY-TO-DAY DRUDGERY MAKES THEM FEEL ROMANTIC... THEY WANT TO BE ALONE AGAIN TO CONCEIVE LOVE-THOUGHTS...


...BUT STILL... THE CHILDREN ARE NOISY... NOT BOTHERSOME -- BUT THEY ARE THERE -- AND TO MAKE LOVE MOST PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD DESIRE A MUCH PRIVILEGED PRIVACY...
HEY KIDS... C'MERE A MINUTE... YOUR MOTHER AND I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING...

...YOU HAVING A NICE DAY?...
...OH YES MOMMY... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYPLACE LIKE THIS BEFORE...
YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE GOING FOR A WALK... WE'LL JUST BE GONE A LITTLE WHILE...
...YOU BE GOOD...
...YES DADDY...
...WE'LL ONLY BE GONE ... A LITTLE WHILE...
VANESSA -- YOU'RE THE OLDEST... YOU'RE IN CHARGE... KEEP THEM IN LINE HUH?
...A LITTLE WHILE IS WHILE ENOUGH TO START OUR TALE...OF THE...

LUNATIC PICNIC

...THE MOTHER AND THE FATHER WALK SILENTLY, EACH HAND CLUTCHING AND KNEEDING THE OTHER ...BEHIND THEM THE 5 CHILDREN PLAY WITH THEIR BAT AND BALL... CHASING THE MOMENT...KEEPING IT WONDERFUL...

VANESSA SWINGS HER ARM IN CIRCLES--SPINNING ANOTHER FAST ONE AT JACK--THIS TIME HE SEES IT COMING...FLIES AT IT ***SMASHES IT...***

NICK RUNS AFTER THE BALL...JACK RUNS PASSED SYD WHO'S NOW SKETCHING A STALLION IN THE DIRT...PASSED WOODY WHO RIPS INTO ANOTHER ROOT BEER...SKIDS INTO HOME PLATE AS VANESSA SCREAMS AT NICK WHO'S STILL CHASING THE BALL...

WHERE ***IS*** HE?

SPEAK UP!

...THE LINE-UP FOR THIS GAME IS HARDLY ***NATIONAL LEAGUE***... BUT BACK IN VALLEY STREAM, LONG ISLAND, THIS GROUP WILL CHALLENGE ALL COMERS...

...VANESSA STANDS ON THE PITCHER'S PLATE... FLICKING HER WRISTS, DRYING HER PALM, WINDING UP...

...SYD SITS AT FIRST BASE, FIDDLING WITH THE DUST, DRAWING STICK-FIGURES OF HIS FAVORITE COMIC-HERO... ***CAPTAIN AMERICA...***

...YOUNG WOODY GUARDS 2ND, GUZZLING ROOT BEER AND THINKING... HE DOES A LOT OF THINKING FOR A KID HIS AGE...

...THERE IS NO THIRD BASE IN THIS GAME...

...JACK'S UP AT BAT, REHEARSING HIS SWING...HE ALWAYS FEELS INSECURE ABOUT HIS GAME... HE ***SHOULDN'T***--HE'S A POWERFUL HITTER...

...LITTLE NICK JUST STANDS ROUND--WAITING FOR HIS TURN AT BAT... IT'LL COME... IN THIS ODD GAME THE POSITIONS OF PLAYERS CHANGE EVERY TIME SOMEONE HITS A BALL...

... STRANGE GAME... BUT THAT'S THE WEIRD WAY IT'S PLAYED...

MAYBE THE BALL WENT INTO A ***STREAM*** OR SOMETHING...

HOW DO YOU ***KNOW?***

...THERE'S NO STREAM OVER THAT HILL...

...I LOOKED...

I'M GOING OVER TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING...

...HE'S NOT HERE... NOWHERE IN SIGHT...

STOP ***MUMBLING*** WOODY... WHAT' CHA SAY?

I SAID HE PROBABLY FELL INTO THE PIT!

...THE PIT?...

CAN YOU HEAR US?... YOU ALRIGHT?... ARE YOU HURT?
I'M... OKAY... HURT MY ARM ...CAN'T CLIMB UP...

WOODY... YOU GO GET MOMMY AND DADDY...
NO... THEY WANT TO BE LEFT A LONE FOR AWHILE...
...AND BESIDE... WE'LL CATCH HELL IF...
...WE'LL CATCH HELL IF THEY COME BACK TO FIND THE KID STUCK IN A PIT... WE CAN GET HIM OUT EASILY ENOUGH...

...DON'T SWEAR WOODY...

...IT'S GETTING DARK DOWN HERE...
...THE PIT'S NOT TOO DEEP.. I'M ALMOST AT THE BOTTOM...

YEH... MY ARM FEELS BETTER...
...I DIDN'T HURT MYSELF BADLY...
...YOU OKAY NICK?
HE MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THIS MUDDY AREA OVER HERE...
...I'M OKAY NOW...

RRRRRRRRRLLLLLL
WAT'S THAT NOISE?
...MERELY A COMMONPLACE CHANGE IN THE EARTH'S ROCK STRUCTURE...
...IN CALIFORNIA THEY CALL IT AN EARTHQUAKE!

EEEAAAHHHH
...SOME KIND OF GIANT SNAKE... MUST LIVE IN THIS CAVE...
RRRAAAUUURRRHHHLLLL

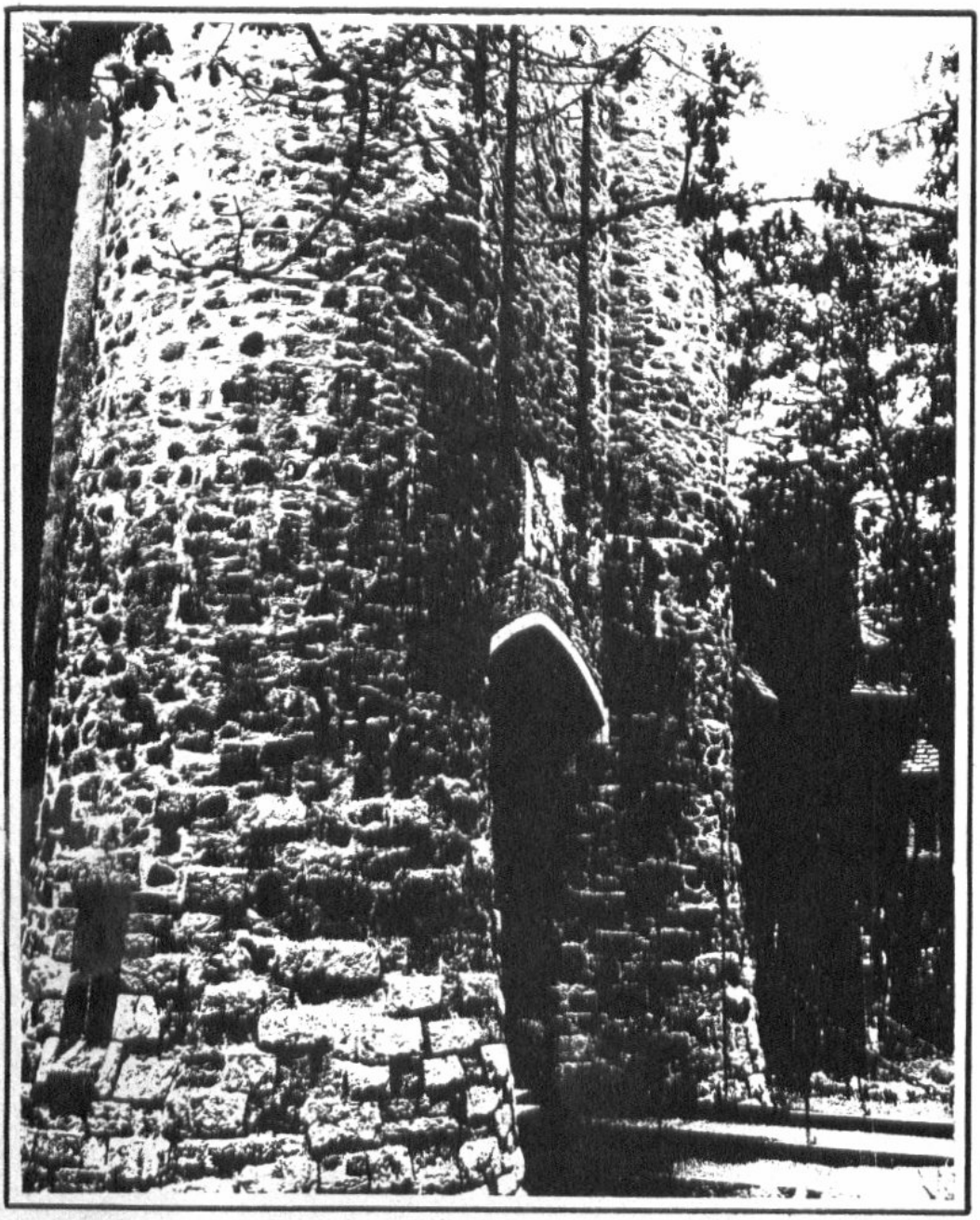
...I'M NOT SO SURE IT'S A SNAKE...
EEEEEAAAUUUGHHHH
...IT ISN'T...
...HALF A MILE AWAY...UNDER A TREE, THE PARENTS HEAR THE FANATICAL SCREAMS OF THEIR CHILDREN...
...FEEL THE RUMBLING OF THE GROUND 'NEATH THEIR FEET AS THEY RUN...
...WHEN THEY REACH THE PICNIC SIGHT THEY FIND THEIR CHILDREN GONE...
...AS THEY REACH THE TOP OF THE HILL THEY SEE THE LAST LAPPING OF THE EARTH AS IT LICKS ITS LIPS...
...THEY SEE THE EARTH'S TONGUE HIDEOUSLY SLITHER BACK INTO ITS MUDDY MOUTH... FEEL IN THEIR STOMACHS THEIR CHILDREN BEING DIGESTED INTO INTESTINES THAT WEAVE WITHIN CRUSTS OF BROWN DIRTY FLESH MILES DEEP... IT HAS NOT BEEN A NICE PICNIC THIS DAY FOR JOHN AND MARSHA... NOW AS THEY TURN AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THINKING THE SAME THOUGTS, THEIR MINDS ARE GIVEN OVER TO LUNACY...
...AND BENEATH THEM THIS OLD, LIVING GRAY EARTH HEAVES AND BELCHES... BURPS THE BURP OF DEEP SATISFACTION...IT HAS BEEN A NICE PICNIC...

. . . looking for somewhere WEIRD to VACATION this year? . . . Perhaps we'll do the SALEM Massachusetts CHAMBER OF COMMERCE a foul injustice by writing about that fair town the weird way it is . . . but . . . YOU DEMANDED IT . . .

The Truth Behind The Horrors Of Salem

article and photographs by Alan Hewetson

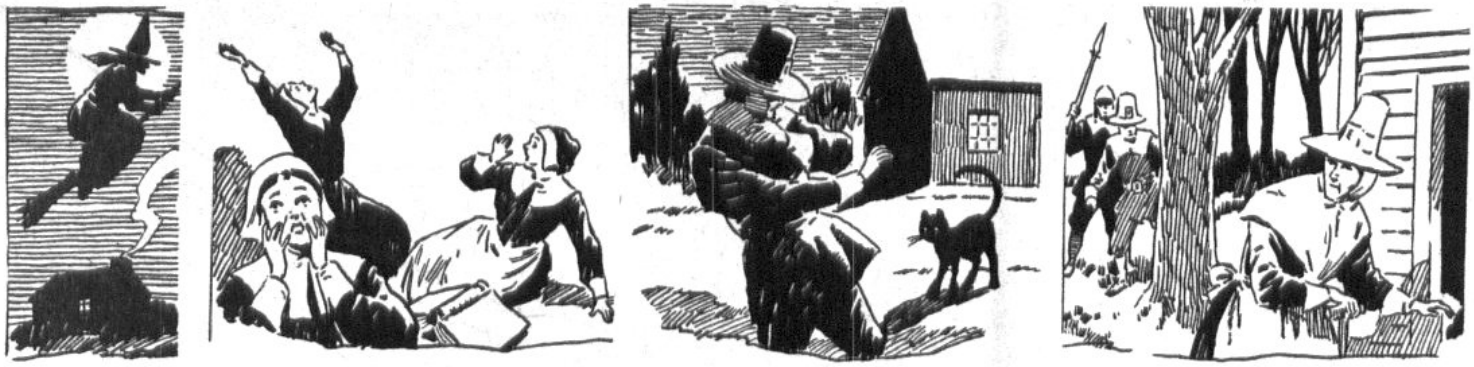
SALEM in 1973 is a quaint and quiet little town on the Atlantic coast, nestled around Palmer's Cove and Derby Wharf, where there is no sign of the day-to-day HYSTERIA that complicated the infamous WITCHCRAFT TRIALS of 1692 . . . Salem in 1692 was a town of LUNATIC and BRUTAL HORRORS . . . in this year 34 innocent people were HANGED or BURNED for supposedly practicing the BLACK ARTS . . .



SALEM is filled with HISTORY . . . the people of the town have kept and restored all their early colonial buildings and artifacts. In nearby GLOUCESTER, medieval HAMMOND CASTLE looms over the Atlantic, now a weird museum presenting the history and oddness of the early days in this area, before the American Revolution. The SALEM WITCH MUSEUM presents 17th century New England in an old macabre light through the recreation of sets portraying witchcraft from its early beginning to the witch TRIALS and EXECUTIONS. The famous original HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES is in Salem, where weird writer NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE lived and wrote his masterpiece of HORROR. The WITCH HOUSE is a sad memorial to the awful terrors, and is wretchedly restored to remind everybody of the dreadful TRUTH . . .

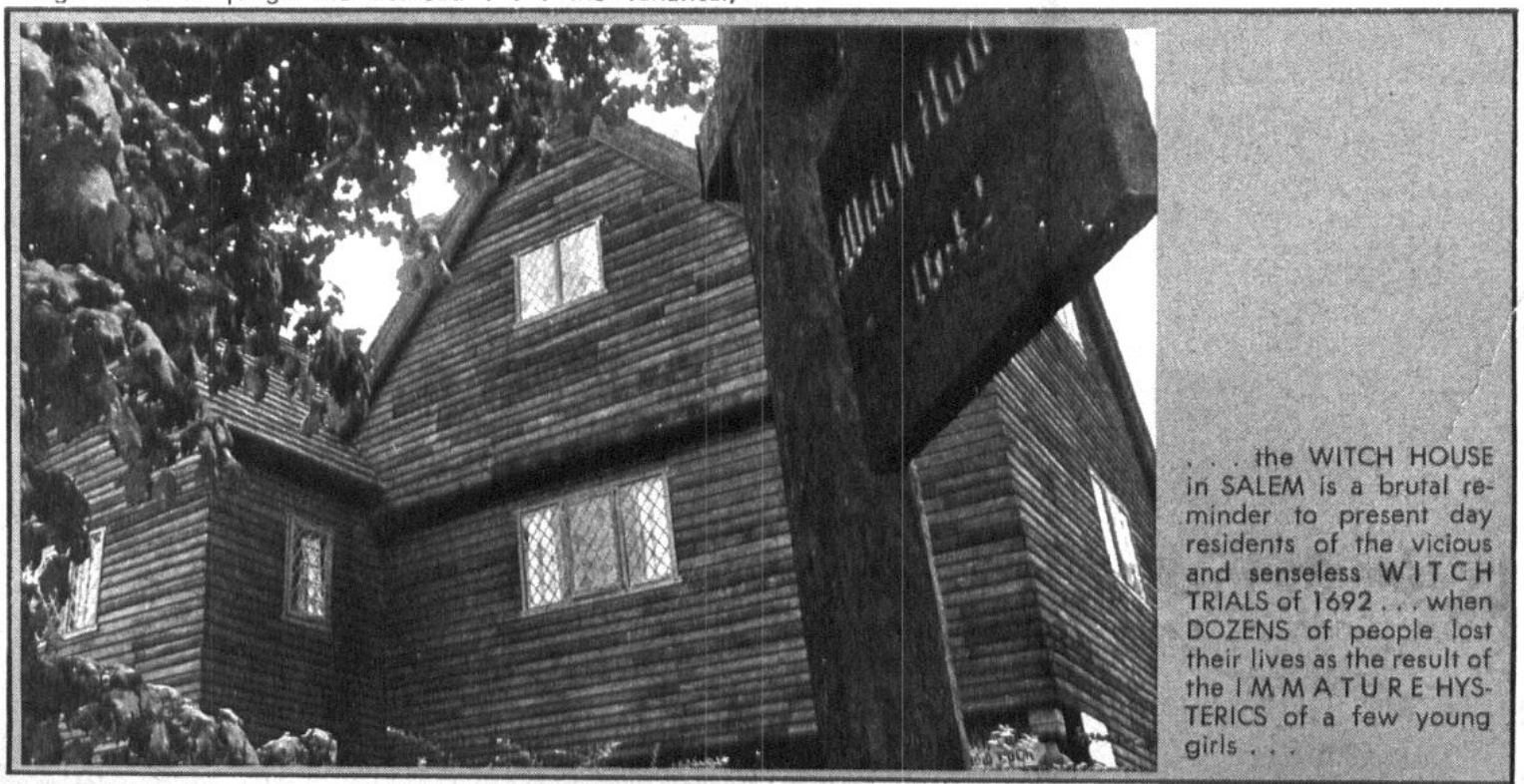
. . . and the TRUTH . . . is more VILE, and more HIDEOUS, and more WICKED than GENUINE WITCHCRAFT could ever be . . .

AT SALEM THE TERRIFIED VILLAGERS IMAGINED THEY SAW EVIDENCES OF THE EVIL WORK OF WITCHES ON EVERY HAND!



. . . the TRUTH is . . . that in those early colonial days almost EVERYBODY believed strongly in the actual existence of weird demons, witches, and the macabre powers of Satan worship. These SUPERSTITIONS were passed from generation to generation and could be traced directly to the black MIDDLE AGES in EUROPE . . . in 1680 several puritan ministers began to INVESTIGATE the HISTORY of WITCHCRAFT in NEW ENGLAND . . . COTTON MATHER, in 1689, published a book about the black witches titled: "THE WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD" which so frightened its female readers in DANVERS, a village near SALEM, that they believed THEMSELVES to be BEWITCHED . . . they acted oddly and when questioned by the village pastor, declared that certain AGED persons were WITCHES who had cast SPELLS on them . . . this was BELIEVED and the notion became horribly WIDESPREAD to the surrounding area . . . only the BRAVE and the STUPID dared venture out

come night . . . when the 'witches' would 'assume the shapes of ANIMALS and prowl about on SINISTER ERRANDS' . . . Since the witches were thought to be OLD HAGS many OLD and FRIENDLESS women were charged with trumped-up ACCUSATIONS and were flung into JAIL . . . the witch hunt at SALEM caused such a CONTROVERSY that the GOVERNOR appointed a special high court to judge the accused . . . the fanatical, hysterical and totally UNFOUNDED ravings of the 'bewitched girls' were ACCEPTED by the court, and there were mass convictions . . . many made false 'confessions' hoping for 'mercy' from the law . . . DEATH was by HANGING . . . During 1692, THIRTY-FOUR innocent persons were SACRIFICED as a result of the WITCHCRAFT DELIRIUM . . .



. . . the WITCH HOUSE in SALEM is a brutal reminder to present day residents of the vicious and senseless WITCH TRIALS of 1692 . . . when DOZENS of people lost their lives as the result of the IMMATURE HYSTERICS of a few young girls . . .

. . . ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY THE SALEM CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

. . . the weird writer NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE now lies with his family in a gravesite in nearby LENOX. Hawthorne's tales of the MACABRE are CLASSICS and should be read by anyone who is a serious student of HORROR . . . examples are: THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE SCARLET LETTER, the TOLL GATHERER'S DAY and TWICE TOLD TALES . . .

. . . after everything was finished everybody was ASHAMED of what they had done, and set aside a day for public mourning and made gifts of money to the HEIRS of 'THE VICTIMS' . . . but it was to EASE their own CONSCIENCE . . . there were no two ways about the NATURE of the TRIALS . . . it was MURDER . . . it was MOB RULE . . . it was the most FLAGRANT and BLATANT EXAMPLE of ABSOLUTE STUPIDITY, INHUMANITY, and TWISTED MORALITY in the HISTORY of the COLONIES . . . save for the SAME puritan colonists' ARROGANCE, RACISM, and MURDER of the AMERICAN INDIAN during that SAME period (it was they who taught the indians the vicious obscenity known as 'scalping'; a custom the red man had never even HEARD of) . . . THIS . . . is the TRUTH behind the MYTHS about SALEM . . .

. . . THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, is a CLASSIC American novel . . . it is also a very REAL place, as residents of SALEM well-know. Occupied for a time by the weird 19th century gentleman of the macabre, it was this strange manse that was the inspiration for the novel that has chilled MILLIONS since its first publication in 1853 . . .

STUDIES IN HORROR

...THIS IS RODMAN STERLING...
...HE OWNS PERHAPS THE WORLD'S *ODDEST* COLLECTION OF *MACABRE PAINTINGS* WHICH HE DELIGHTS IN SHOWING YOU FROM TIME TO TIME... EACH PAINTING IS A KIND OF A STORY... AND EACH TALE AS MACABRE AS THE MAN 'STERLING' HIMSELF...

...THIS, BY WAY OF AN INTRODUCTION, IS TO START OUR TALE...

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OR WHATEVER... ...HEH HEH...

...WELCOME TO MY *GALLERY*... WHEREIN ARE MAD AND AWFUL PARODIES OF STRANGE RARELY-HEARD-OF HAPPENINGS AND TOTALLY LUNATIC REPRESENTATIONS OF THE WEIRD WAY THINGS ARE...

...THIS... ...IS *THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN*... BY NIGHT HE WOULD RISE FROM HIS CRYPT TO *CLEANSE* THE WORLD OF *EVIL*...

...IN TRUE FACT... HE WAS ACTUALLY A LUNATIC CORPSE, WHO FOUND IT AS HARD TO DEFINE GOOD FROM *BAD* AS LIFE FROM *DEATH*...

...A JOURNALIST-TEAM DISCOVERED AN OTHER WORLD LUNATIC IN CAVES HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC... A *PRISON* FOR OTHER *LUNATICS* FROM HIS OWN WORLD WHICH HAD FORGOTTEN HIM AND LEFT HIM ON OUR EARTH ALONG WITH HIS PRISONERS TO *ROT*...

...*THIS* PAINTING IS TITLED: '*THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN-HELL*'... THE STORY BEHIND THIS ONE IS WEIRD...

...NOW JUST BEFORE I AM FORCED TO GO... LET ME SHOW YOU ONE MORE PAINTING... THIS ONE IS ENTITLED: *IT SCREAMS*... THE *MAD* STORY BEHIND THIS IS ALSO ABOUT LUNACY... A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL IS THROWN INTO A MACABRE *PIT* AND DEVOURED BY OBSCENE CREATURES WHICH DEFY DEFINITION...

...OUR FIRST PAINTING TONIGHT IS CALLED '*THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH*'...

...BEHIND THIS PAINTING IS A WEIRD STORY... CONCERNING... THE BIRTH OF THE EARTH... WHEN A COLONY OF SPACE-SETTLERS TRAVEL THE UNIVERSE TO STABLISH A LANDING-PARTY ON EARTH THEY BECOME VICTIMS TO THE AWFUL 'SHOGGOTHS' WHO AT ONE TIME DOMINATED OUR PLANET... ONLY ONE SURVIVED... A CHILD... WHO MATED WITH AN APE AND... WELL, YOU MIGHT GUESS THE REST...

ALAN HEWETSON AND DE LA ROSA

...I TAKE GREAT DELIGHT IN SHOWING YOU MY COLLECTION OF WEIRD PRIZES... INDEED... I MIGHT VENTURE TO SAY THAT, WELL, IT IS THE ONLY SUCH COLLECTION IN THE WORLD...

...I LIVE FOR THESE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN I CAN COME TO YOUR HOMES AND SHOW YOU THESE PRIZES... *WITHOUT* THIS OPPORTUNITY I SHOULD HAVE VERY LITTLE REASON FOR *LIVING*...

...AND THAT IS *IT* FOLKS... ...I'VE ENJOYED OUR VISIT... ...AND I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN...

...NEXT TIME YOU VISIT MY GALLERY...

THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS

WHAT KIND OF MADNESS IS IT... WHAT MANNER OF ***LUNACY*** IS IT WHEN A MAN WALKS DOWN A STREET AND IS CONFRONTED BY ABOMINATIONS HARDLY NAMEABLE...HARDLY ***REAL***...

...FOR THE CROWD THAT GATHERS AROUND THIS LUNATIC SEEM NOT TO NOTICE THE BEASTS THAT STALK THE STREETS...THEY SEE ONLY HIS MIND...BENDING...SCRAPING THE SIDEWALK...SEARCHING FOR SOME KIND OF ***REASON***...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

WHY IS IT NOBODY SEES THEM? ONLY ME... CAN IT BE THEY AREN'T REAL... JUST MY IMAGINATION?
FREEEEEPLLEEE PROOOPLE
FREEEEEEEEP
WHY DOES MY HEAD ACHE SO... AS IF SOMETHING GNAWING... TUGGING AT MY BRAIN!
THEY'VE GONE INTO THIN AIR! IT MUST BE MY MIND!
PEOPLE STARING AT ME... LIKE I'M SOME KINDA WEIRDO! GOTTA GO HOME... GET SOME SLEEP!
GOOD TO GET HOME... TAKE A SHOWER... GET SOME HARD-EARNED SLEEP!
FROOOOEEPLE! FREEEEEEEEPLE! FRAAAAAOOOPLE!
NO... NO... NOT AGAIN!
HELLO... WHAT'S THIS? A HOLE...
MMMPH! A HINGE... AND A DOOR ATTACHED!
GOOD LORD...
WHAT HAVE I STUMBLED UPON?! IT MAY BE IMPORTANT... A TOMB OR SOMETHING...

FUMES RISING FROM BENEATH DOOR...
CAN'T EVEN BREATHE...
...HEAD SWIMMING... EVERYTHING GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES!
WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER!!
MY PAST... THE TRUTH ABOUT ME!
I AM... ONE OF THEM!!
MY FORM... I'M BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN!
THE DOOR ... I REMEMBER THE DOOR!!
IT LEADS TO...

THE PLACE OF MY BIRTH!
I MUST RETURN! THEY AWAIT ME... UNDOUBTEDLY WITH BAITED BREATH!
THE INFORMATION FOR WHICH I SEARCHED ON THE SURFACE WILL BE MADE PUBLIC IN MY WORLD!
INFORMATION THAT ONLY I COULD OBTAIN! FOR ONLY I AM A SCOUT IN MY WORLD...
TRAINED TO GATHER INFORMATION WE NEED TO MAKE OUR PEOPLE HAPPY!
...AND HAPPINESS, AS HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID, IS THE ABILITY TO CONQUER!

AND NOW I RETURN TO MY FAMILY-- MY PEOPLE-- SO THAT THEY CAN PREPARE TO BE CONQUERERS...
TO CRÜSH THOSE SEMI-HUMAN CREATURES WHO DWELL ON THE SURFACE OF OUR WORLD!
AND THEN, WE ALONE SHALL BE THE MASTERS OF THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH!
IDIOT!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN...TO THE ACCURSED SUN? YOU WERE SENT ON A SIMPLE SCOUTING EXCURSION... AND YOU'VE BEEN GONE NINE YEARS--
NOW YOU STAND BEFORE ME LIKE A WHIMPERING SIMPLETON! SPEAK!
I,,, APOLOGIZE,,, TO HIS...HIGHNESS!!
DON'T DRIVEL! SPEAK! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

MY ADJUSTMENT TO EARTH LIFE WAS TOO GOOD! I BECAME ONE OF THEM... FORGOT MY ORIGINS! I EVEN,,, I EVEN FORGOT ABOUT MY MISSION...
AND THE CROWDS CHEER HIM LIKE A CONQUERING HERO! HE IS WELCOMED WITH OPEN ARMS BY HE-WHO-IS-HIS-MASTER,,, BY KING MEOLDPUTOO HIMSELF!
FORGOT ABOUT YOUR MISSION,,, YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T COMPLETED IT?
OH YES SIR,,, YES I HAVE! IT WAS COMPLETED LONG AGO! AS SOON AS I RECOVERED FROM MY RELAPSE- SO TO SPEAK-- SIRE- SO I CAME BACK IMMEDIATELY ...IMMEDIATELY..
MY NAME IS LEONARD,,, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE...
LEONARD? WHO CARES,, SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO THE IDIOT WHO HAS FINALLY RETURNED TO US...
AND FIRST SCOUT MUSCLEY BRIBID DOES NOT HANG HIS HEAD,,, HE IS THE PROUDEST MAN IN HIS KINGDOM! HE HAS COMPLETED HIS TASK WITH GREAT DISPATCH AND HONOR,,,

AT THE COMMAND OF YOUR KING, THE ORDER OF CALL TO COUNCIL HAS BEEN ISSUED! IT IS YOUR PRIVILEGE, IDIOT, TO ADDRESS YOUR PEERS... TRY NOT TO BOTCH THIS UP, EH?
I AM HONORED TO REPORT... AUGUST GATHERING... THAT MY MISSION WAS COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL!! I HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION WE NEED TO CONQUER THE SURFACE WORLD!
WELL GET ON WITH IT THEN...
EARTH IS RUN PITIFULLY... BY CHILDISH PEOPLE WHO CANNOT EVEN LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE! THEY MAKE WAR ON EVERY CONCEIVABLE LEVEL... FROM PETTY EVERY-DAY SQUABBLES TO FULL SCALE HOLOCAUST EVERY FEW YEARS!
THEY ARE A CHILDISH LOT, WHO DISLIKE EACH OTHER... EVEN MEN AND WOMEN WHO SOMETIMES LIVE TOGETHER IN WHAT IS CALLED MARRIAGE -- EVEN THEY OFTEN HATE EACH OTHER'S GUTS...
BUT THEY WILL HATE HATE HATE FOR ANY REASON... FOR EVEN THE COLOR OF MAN'S SKIN!!

THEY HAVE A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SYSTEM OF ARMS... FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN OURS! BUT HAVE NO FEAR GENTLEMEN! THEY'LL NEVER USE IT ON US!
BUT WHY? THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE MAN!
BECAUSE WE ARE UNKNOWN TO THEM... OR RATHER, NOT UNKNOWN-- BUT THE UNKNOWN! ALL EARTHLINGS SHARE ONE THING IN COMMON: WHAT THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEY FEAR!
THEY WILL NEVER RETA LIATE... NEVER! OUR VERY PHYSICAL SHAPES WILL SCARE THEM TO DEATH!
THEREFORE... AUGUST GENTLEMEN ... I SAY TO YOU THAT NOW... NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE!
I CAN JUST SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR UGLY FACES, SIRE, WHEN WE MARCH OUT IN ALL OUR FULL BLOWN GLORY AND...
AND THE CALL TO ARMS IS ACCEPTED BY A MAJORITY OF THE COUNCIL-- A VOTE OF 18 TO 17--AND A NATION IS LAUNCHED INTO FULL SCALE... WAR!!!
OH STOP DRIVELING ON WILL YOU... I'M TRYING TO PSYCHE MYSELF UP FOR A WAR! HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO CONCENTRATE WITH YOUR SNIVELING AND WASTEFUL MOUTH TWIDDLING ON AND ON...

WHERE IS EVERYONE... WHERE IS THIS WORLD BRIBID? WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE? HAVE YOU BEEN LYING TO US?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THERE IS NOTHING... NOTHING! DAYS AGO ALL THIS WAS BEAUTIFUL! NOW IT'S JUST WASTE... COMPLETE WASTE!
SIRE! OVER HERE! I FOUND ONE OF THE SURFACE CREATURES!
NOW... NOW I UNDERSTAND! THEY'VE FINALLY DONE IT... THEY'VE FINALLY DONE IT!
SIRE... THERE ARE NO PEOPLE AROUND FOR ONE SIMPLE REASON... EARTH HAS COMMITTED SUICIDE!!
DON'T BE SO RIDICULOUSLY MELODRAMATIC, BRIBID... THAT'S IM-POSSIBLE!! ABSOLUTELY IM-POSSIBLE...
THERE CAN'T HAVE BEEN ONE OF YOUR FAMOUS "ATOM BOMBS" DROPPED... WE WOULD HAVE HEARD IT YOU IDIOT... WE WOULD HAVE FELT IT! YET WE FELT NOTHING! THIS MAKES NO SENSE... IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL...

NOT REAL... NO WONDER IT'S NOT REAL!! LOOK BELOW... AT THAT PANEL...
IT'S NOT EARTH THAT'S UNREAL... IT'S US! WE'RE NOT REAL... WE'RE ONLY CHARACTERS IN A STORY... IN A MAGAZINE! THAT GIANT THUMB THERE... LOOK AT IT!! THAT'S REAL ENOUGH!!
LOOK OUT... IT'S MOVING! WE'LL ALL BE SQUASHED! RUN!
MMMMPH! HAAAAALP! MMMPH...
CAN'T RUN ANYWHERE! THE PANEL HAS BEEN RIPPED OFF... IT WAS THAT KID... THAT UGLY LITTLE SURFACE WORLD KID WHO WAS IN THE CANDY STORE A MINUTE AGO... LOOKING AT THE BOOKS... HE MUST HAVE RIPPED THE PAGE... WE' RE ALL DEAD... ALL OF US... NOWHERE TO GO... NOWHERE TO FLEE!!
YOU PESSIMISTIC IDIOT! THERE ARE TWO PAGES TO GO! WE MAY BE SAVED EVEN YET! LOOK... SEE THE PAGE UNDERNEATH... IT'S COMPLETE... IT'S A PICTURE OF US! WE MAY BE SAVED!!
THE END

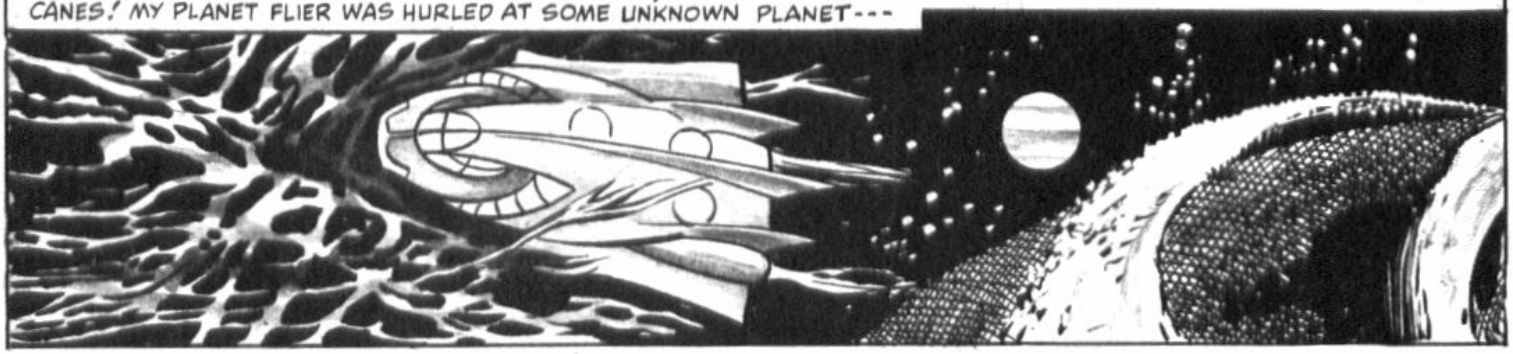
WAKE UP, ALICE DEAR! WHAT A LONG SLEEP YOU'VE HAD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN ALL THAT SHOVELLING YOU DID NEAR THE PATIO THIS AFTERNOON!
OH, I'VE HAD SUCH A CURIOUS DREAM... I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT, DEAR SISTER! LET ME TELL YOU OF IT...
AND SO ALICE TOLD HER SISTER, AS WELL AS SHE COULD REMEMBER THEM, ALL THE STRANGE ADVENTURES YOU HAVE READ! AND WHEN SHE FINISHED, HER SISTER KISSED HER AND SAID:
IT **WAS** A CURIOUS DREAM DEAR, BUT NOW, ...RUN IN AND DRINK YOUR TEA-- IT'S GETTING LATE.

SO ALICE GOT UP AND RAN OFF, THINKING WHILE SHE RAN, WHAT A WONDERFUL DREAM IT HAD BEEN! AND HOW SHOCKED ALICE MIGHT HAVE BEEN, HAD SHE TURNED AND SAW WHAT CRAWLED ON THE GROUND BEHIND HER FOOTSTEPS! WHAT A CREEPING LURKING HORROR COMES... LIKE A DREAM... LIKE A NIGHTMARE ... FROM BEYOND!
YOU MIGHT SMILE, DEAR READER, WELL, GO AHEAD... HAVE A SMILE ON US! BUT DON'T BLAME US... THAT'S JUST... JUST THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS!
THE END

THE SWORDSMAN OF SARN

LEGEND:
I AM STEVE GRIMM OF THE PLANET EARTH, WEAPONSMAN FOR THE EMPIRE OF UNITED STAR WORLDS. BUT--I AM ALSO STEVE GRIMM, MAN OF TWO WORLDS AND MASTER SWORDSMAN OF THE PLANET SARN.
MY STORY IS A STRANGE ONE, FOR I WHO LOVE MY NATIVE EARTH, HAVE FOUND HAPPINESS AND THE LIFE OF ADVENTURE I CRAVE ON MY ADOPTED PLANET. KNOW FIRST OF ALL, THAT I AM A MAN, TRAINED SINCE CHILDHOOD IN THE USE OF ALL MANNER OF WEAPONS, BOTH MODERN AND ANCIENT---
FOX KATZ COLLETA
MINE IS A TALE OF LOVELY WOMEN AND FIGHTING MEN, OF DEAD CITIES AND STRANGE BEASTS-- AND A CIVILIZATION ERODED BY TIME TO A SPLENDID AGE OF DYING GLORY. MY FIRST ADVENTURE WAS IN A PLACE CALLED--- THE CITY OF LIVING LIGHT!

I WAS ON AN **EMPIRE** MISSION TO BETELGUESE-27 PLANET, WHEN AS MY ONE-MAN SPACER FLED THROUGH SPACE AND THE TIME WARPS... I WAS CAUGHT BY A **COSMIC STORM**, ONE OF THE MANY THAT HIT WITH THE FURY OF TEN BILLION HURRICANES! MY PLANET FLIER WAS HURLED AT SOME UNKNOWN PLANET---



...AS I STARTED BLACKING OUT, I SWITCHED ON MY **ANTI-GRAV FIELD** TO CUSHION THE IMPENDING CRASH. I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS AND KNEW NO MORE UNTIL...

A SWEET WIND BLEW ACROSS THIS WASTELAND OF AN ALIEN PLANET AS I STARED ABOUT ME...

I'M CERTAINLY **NOT** ON ANY OF THE **EMPIRE WORLDS!**
THE **VEGETATION** OF THIS PLACE IS **NEW** AND **STRANGE** TO ME. IT LOOKS LIKE A **DEAD WORLD**-- AND IF IT IS--
I HAVE **NO HOPE** OF FINDING THE **TOOLS** AND **MATERIALS** I'LL NEED TO **REPAIR** MY **SPACER!**

ON FOOT, I TROTTED OF ACROSS THESE EMPTY BARREN PLAINS...

FOR HOURS MY SERVICE BOOTS KINKED UP SAND WHILE A HOT SUN BAKED ME, AND THEN TOWARD DUSK...

I WAS DESPERATELY THIRSTY, AND AS I CAME THROUGH THE REMAINS OF A BROKEN GATE, I HEARD THE FAINT GURGLE OF WHAT I HOPED WAS *WATER*..

I'M ALMOST--- *DEHYDRATED!* MY *TONGUE*--- *SWOLLEN*-- AND *LIPS* ARE *BLISTERED!*

I STAGGERED TOWARD A CURIOUSLY CARVED FOUNTAIN, IN THE BASIN OF WHICH WAS WATER---

THANK THE *FIVE FIRE GODS* OF RIGEL FOUR!

MY CUPPED HANDS LIFTED THE PRECIOUS LIQUID TO MY LIPS. I DRANK SLOWLY, SLOWLY---

THEN--WHEN I WAS DONE DRINKING---

A *FACE*-- *REFLECTED* IN THE *POOL!*

I WHIRLED-- BEHELD ONLY THE DEAD STONE AND BROKEN TIMBERS OF A LONG-DEAD METROPOLIS---

NOTHING! NOBODY!

A LOW GROWL FROM THE DARKNESS OF A BUILDING INTERIOR RAISED THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF MY NECK. THEN---

I GATHER THAT *BRUTE* DOESN'T *LIKE* VISITORS. OR MAYBE-- HE THINKS I'D MAKE A GOOD *MEAL!*

WITH A BELLOW OF UTTER FURY, THE THING CHARGED ---
GAAAAA
ALL I HAVE TO FIGHT WITH ARE MY FISTS!
I HEARD THE SOUND OF THAT CLUB AS IT DROVE AT ME ---
SSSSSSSSS
I'M DEAD--- IF THAT HITS ME!
I LEAPED UPWARD--- FULLY FIFTEEN FEET INTO THE AIR!
AND LANDED SOME DISTANCE AWAY---
THIS PLANET MUST BE SMALLER THAN EARTH BE-CAUSE OF LESSER GRAVITY!
I FOUND THAT OUT WHEN I MADE MY WALK HERE. BUT THE DIFFERENCE IS GREATER THAN EXPECTED!
I HURLED MY HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF BONE AND MUSCLE STRAIGHT AT THAT BRUTISH CHARACTER ---
THWOT!

MY LEFT FIST SWUNG WITH THE BATTERING POWER OF A TRIP-HAMMER!
THUD!

I CROUCHED OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF MY FOE, ALERT FOR MORE OF HIS KIND---

TAKAK!
TAKAK!
WHO-- WHO'S THAT?

THAT SWEET VOICE HAD COME FROM A WINDOW IN A NEARBY BUILDING, SO---
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE WORDS, BUT..

--THEIR INFLECTION SURE SOUNDS LIKE A CALL FOR HELP!

I BARRELED FORWARD, FEET CRASHING HOME---
WHEN HE DROPS THAT CLUB---
WOK!

---I'LL PICK IT UP!

THUDD.
FOR THE FIRST TIME, I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE LOVELY SUANNA OF THANKOR---
NAKOR GRANTIP EVORTHID? EVORTHID?
HONEY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!
I WANTED VERY MUCH TO BE ABLE TO SPEAK WITH THIS BEAUTY, SO---
CLUB. CLUB.
ANDOP. ANDOP!
MY EDUCATION PROGRESSED RAPIDLY, AND THANKS TO SUANNA, I ATE WHILE I LEARNED---
SHE CALLED THESE 'GRILOPS' --BUT THAT SPELLS MELONS TO ME. AND THEY'RE DELICIOUS!
FOR CLOSE TO A WEEK, WE HAUNTED THE RUINS OF THIS DEAD CITY, WHILE I LEARNED THE WORDS OF THIS ALIEN PLANET. THEN, ON THE MORNING OF THE EIGHTH DAY I HEARD THE CLANK OF WEAPON-METAL---
DANGER, STEVE! HIDE!

WE RAN THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF ANCIENT THUMZ---
BUT WHO ARE THEY? WHY ARE THEY A DANGER?
THEY'RE MY PEOPLE! THEY'VE COME AFTER ME-- TO TAKE ME BACK!
OUR FLIGHT WAS CUT OFF BY---
GREETING, SUANNA! YOU WILL RETURN TO THANKOR WITH ME ---AT ONCE---
THERE-- I SHALL MARRY YOU AND BECOME TYRRAN, RULER OF ALL THANKOR!
THAB GON!
SUBDUE THAT MAN! CHAIN HIM IN THE PITS OF THUMZ!
NO! HE BEFRIENDED ME!
STAY BACK! I-- YOUR TYRRALLA --ORDER IT!
THAB GON'S MEN IGNORED SUANNA--- HURLED THEMSELVES ON ME! I FOUGHT SAVAGELY---
IF ONLY I HAD A SWORD!
BUT SHEER NUMBERS OVERWHELMED ME!---
GNNNGGGG!
CRAK!
AND AS I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS, I HEARD FAINT SOUNDS--- SUANNA SOBBING AS SHE WAS ESCORTED AWAY---
THEN DARKNESS!

WHEN I RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS, I FOUND MYSELF CHAINED TO A DAMP STONE WALL IN THE DARK DUNGEONS OF THE DEAD CITY OF THUMZ---
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I DIE DOWN HERE -- WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!
AND SUANNA NEEDS MY HELP!
GRIMLY I TESTED THOSE CHAINS, AND FOUND THEM TOO STRONG EVEN FOR MY EARTHLY MUSCLES ---
HOW CAN I POSSIBLY HELP SUANNA? I CAN'T EVEN HELP MYSELF!
YET--ALWAYS BEFORE ME I SAW THE FACE OF SUANNA, AS IF PLEADING WITH ME TO SAVE HER---
IF ONLY I WERE FREE!
THERE MUST BE A WAY! THERE HAS TO BE!
LET ME TRY AGAIN. MAYBE I'M CLOSE...
THESE METAL MENACLES---LIKE THE REST OF THIS DEAD CITY---
---MUST BE BRITTLE WITH AGE AND RUST! THERE!
MOMENTS LATER, I WAS FLEEING FROM THOSE PITS AS THOUGH FROM THE PLAGUE---
THEY CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO---
WHAT'S THAT ODD LIGHT UP AHEAD?

I SKIDDED AROUND THE CORNER--- AND INTO A VAST CHAMBER IN WHICH FLARED A TALL COLUMN OF BRILLIANT BRIGHTNESS---
WHA--WHAT IN THIS STRANGE WORLD OF SARN --IS THAT?
A THOUGHT TOUCHED MY MIND, SPOKE TO ME AS WITH A VOICE---
KNOW, MAN OF ANOTHER PLANET, THAT LONG AGO I-- STYRION THE ETERNAL--! -- WAS CAUGHT BY THE GRAVITY OF THIS PLANET AS I PASSED BETWEEN WORLDS--
--FOR I AM A BEING THAT DWELLS FOREVER IN OUTER SPACE! BY THE TRICKERY OF THUMZ'S SCIENTISTS, THEY MADE ME PRISONER!
FREE ME! DESTROY THE SILVER CRYSTAL THAT KEEPS ME TRAPPED HERE--AND EARN MY GRATITUDE. LISTEN TO MY THOUGHTS---AND I SHALL TELL YOU HOW IT MAY BE DONE!
I SHOOK MYSELF, FREED OF THE PALL OF THAT AWESOME MENTAL VOICE. EVEN THOUGH I ACHED TO RESCUE SUANNA-- I KNEW WHAT IT WAS TO BE A PRISONER!
AND SO I WENT THROUGH THE LABYRINTHINE TUNNELS AS HE DIRECTED--- UNTIL I CAME BEFORE A CHEST WHERE LAY A LONG-SWORD OF MARVELOUS DESIGN---
WHAT A BLADE! AS A WEAPONSMAN OF THE EMPIRE-- AND GALACTIC SWORD CHAMPION--- I CAN ADMIRE ITS WORKMANSHIP!
AND INSIDE---
--THE WEAPONS-HARNESS OF A LONG-DEAD RULER OF THUMZ--- SOON I WAS ATTIRED IN THE GARB OF A WARRIOR!

BY THE MAZELIKE CORRIDORS OF THIS VAST OLD PALACE I CAME AT LENGTH TO THE PLACE THE IMMORTAL HAD INDICATED---
THERE IT IS--- WHERE HE SAID IT WOULD BE
STYRION SAID ONLY THE METAL OF THIS BLADE COULD DAMAGE THAT THING!
LET'S SEE IF HE SPOKE THE TRUTH!
MOMENTS AFTERWARD, FROM A NEARBY WINDOW, I SAW THE ETERNAL ONE RISE UPWARD TOWARD THE STARS THAT WERE HIS HOME ---
ALMOST INSTANTLY MY ATTENTION WAS DRAWN TO A SCENE ALMOST DIRECTLY BELOW ME---
SUANNA! WELL, THIS TIME I'M NOT WEAPONLESS!
I DROPPED DOWNWARD-- FULL ONTO THE TWO WARRIORS ON EITHER SIDE OF SUANNA---
STEVE GRIMM!
WHAAK

IN AN INSTANT MY SWORD WAS DARTING AND THRUSTING---
THE STRANGER GOT AWAY!
HELP US!
THE SHOUTS OF THE WARRIORS BROUGHT THAB GON AT A RUN---
SOMEHOW HE ESCAPED FROM THE PITS! SLAY HIM AT ONCE!
NO MAN SLAYS STEVE GRIMM, WEAPONSMAN, AT THE MERE COMMAND! I HURLED MYSELF AT MY ENEMIES AND MY BLADE WOVE DEATH FOR ITS OPPONENTS!---
WHY HANG BACK, THAB GON? OR ARE YOU AFRAID TO MEET MY STEEL WITH YOURS?
NEVER HAVE I FOUGHT AS I FOUGHT THAT DAY IN LONG-DEAD THUMZ. MY SWORD DIPPED AND DROVE, AND ONE BY ONE MY FOES WENT DOWN--
--UNTIL ONLY THAB GON HIMSELF REMAINED ALIVE!---
COME, THAB GON! YOU WANT THE TYRRALLA OF THANKOR.
I SAY SHE SHALL NOT GO WITH YOU,
LET'S SETTLE THE MATTER WITH OUR BLADES!

WITH A CRY OF FURY, THAB GON HURLED HIMSELF AT ME---
SEE IF YOU CAN DO TO ME WHAT YOUR WARRIORS COULD NOT!
BUT KNOW THIS-- THAT ONE OF US DIES IN THIS PLACE AND THE OTHER WALKS AWAY WITH SUANNA!

OUR STEEL RANG OUT IN THE STILL STREETS AS THOSE BLADES DARTED AND FLEW LIKE BOBBINS ON A SHUTTLE---

WITH A BLINDING DISPLAY OF SWORDSMANSHIP, I RAN THAB GON THROUGH THE HEART---
THERE'S THE LAST OF YOUR ENEMIES, SUANNA.

SUANNA OF THANKOR DID NOT ANSWER. WHEN I SWUNG AROUND TO HER, I SAW THAT SHE SHIMMERED IN A STRANGE RADIANCE ---
SUANNA, WHAT--?

NEXT INSTANT---
SHE'S GONE!
WHO-- COULD HAVE TAKEN HER?

WHO STOLE SUANNA? AND HOW? QUESTIONS NOT FOR NOW!...
...FOR ... TOMORROW!
NOT THE END... THE START...

Movie macabre scream screen review

...presents...

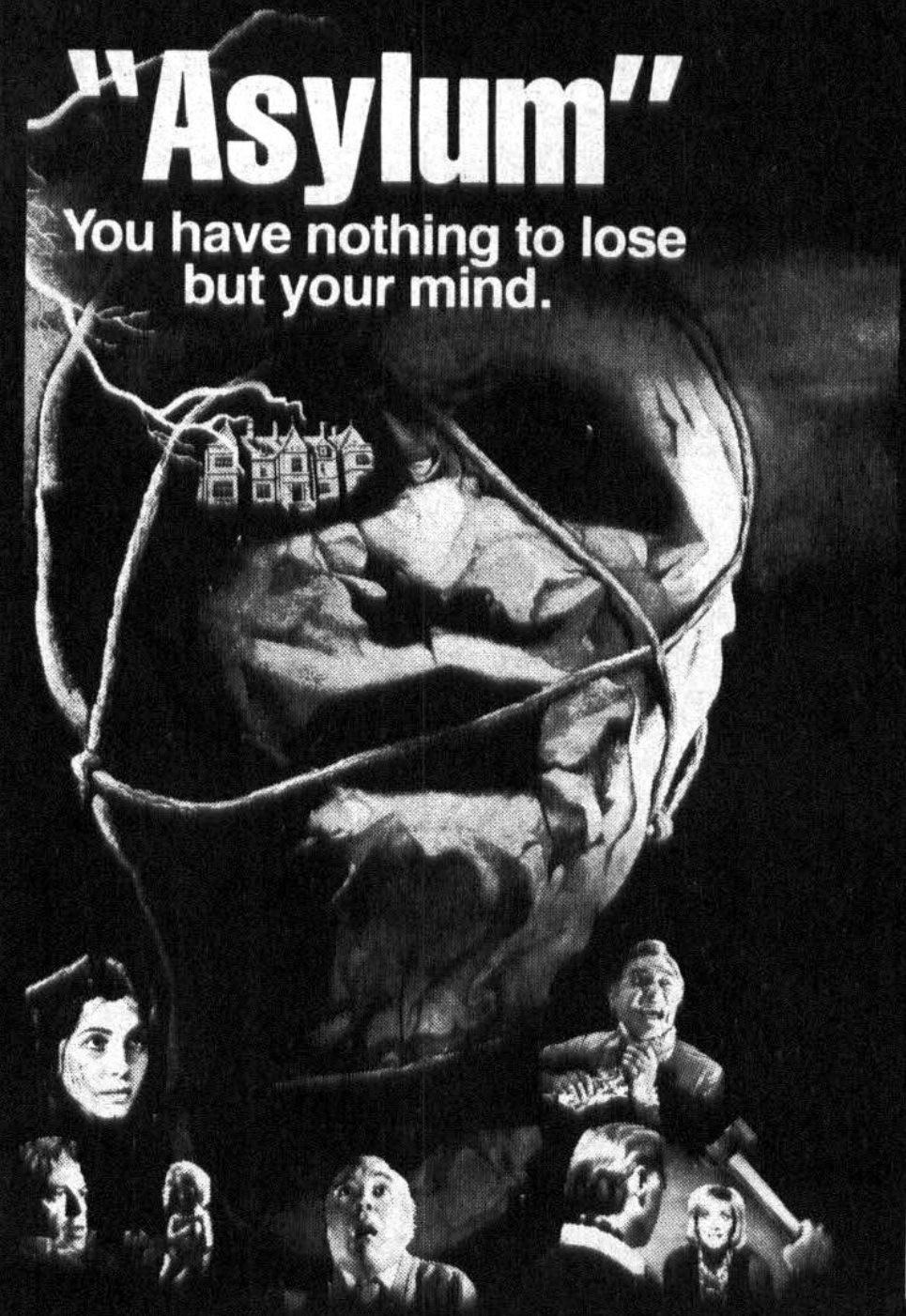
Asylum

. . . in this ASYLUM of cryptic horror, writer **ROBERT BLOCH** is **UNLEASHED** upon a suspecting public . . . who come to this place expecting **LUNACY** and **GET-IT-TWENTY-FOLD** . . .

. . . **PETER CUSHING** and **BARBARA PARKINS** and perpetually dry-mouthed **PATRICK MAGEE** really give us the **GOING OVER** of a **LIFETIME** in this well-made collection of weird little tales also featuring **RICHARD TODD, BARRY MORSE, BRITT EKLAND** and **GEOFFREY BAYLDON** . . .

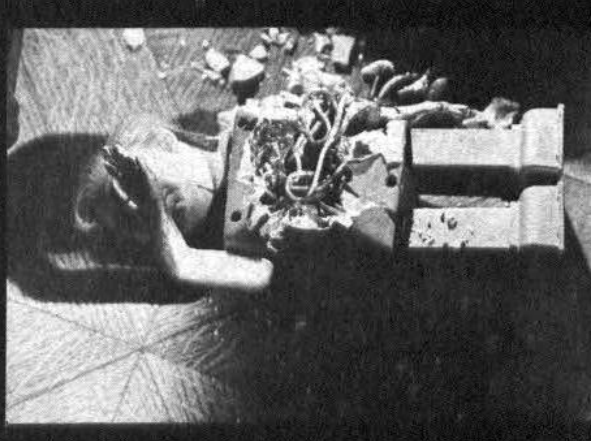
. . . the 4 tales lead to an inclusive climax which is brief and well-done, if a bit traditional, but it is in the last 2 minutes of this film that the audience sits up and begins to **SQUIRM** in its seat . . . and it is this scene that in our opinion will make this film remembered . . . one short one-minute scene that shatters your nerves and makes you CHOKE a bit . . . we'll tell you about it as we review 'FROZEN FEAR' . . . 'THE WEIRD TAILOR' . . . 'LUCY COMES TO STAY' . . . and . . . 'MANNIKINS OF HORROR' . . . all in:

Asylum by Alan Hewetson



. . . **PATRICK MAGEE** . . . who speaks with such a dry-mouth that you honestly feel he's going to **DIE** any second, portrays asylum-director **DR. RUTHERFORD,** who 'plays games' with potential employees by having them GUESS who's a lunatic and who's not . . . **ROBERT BLOCH** makes sure the distinction is a very small one . . .

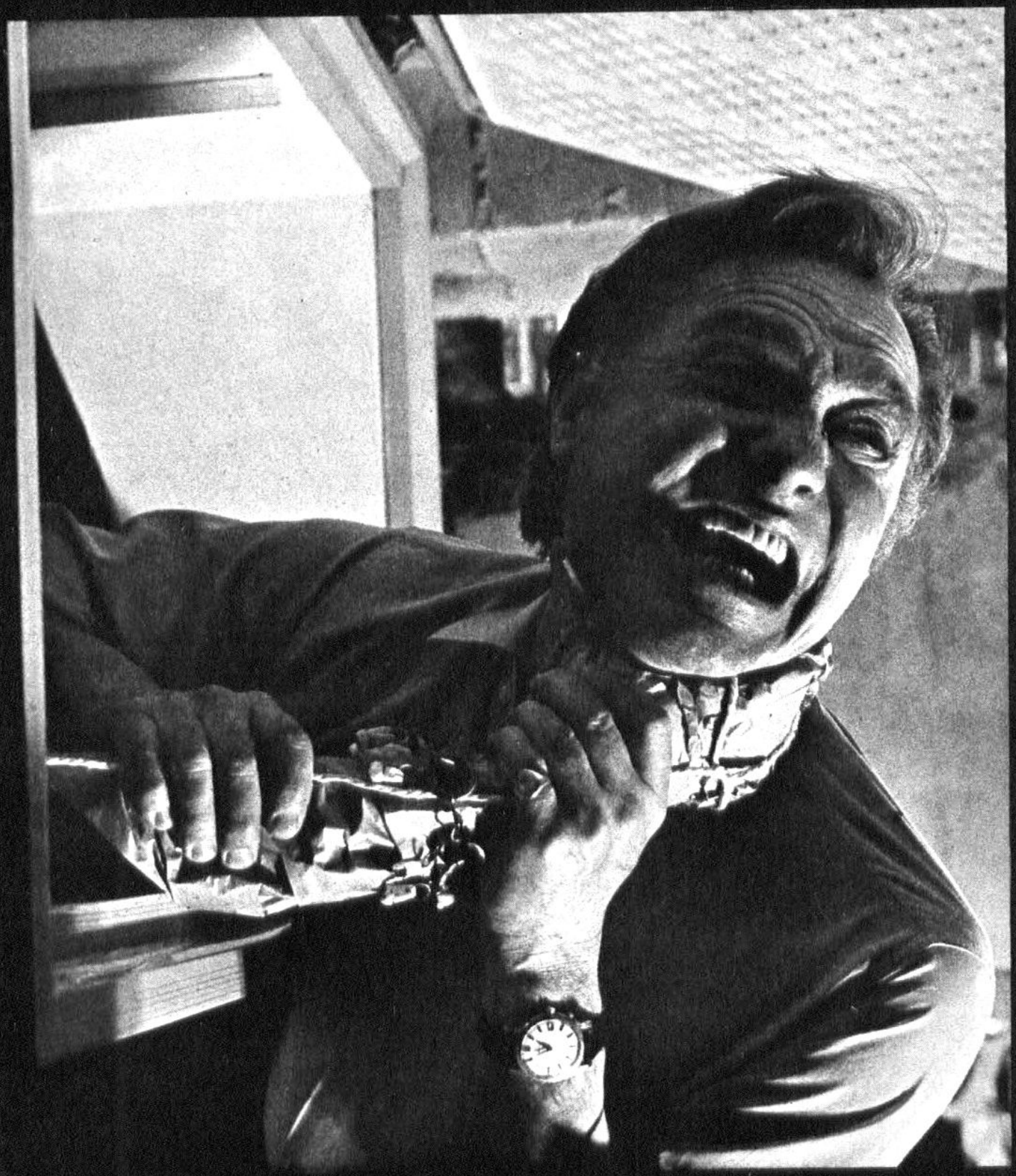
. . . **PETER CUSHING,** who was in **NINE** horror films in 1972, plays an unspectacular part **WELL** with his usual one-moment-dignified, the next-moment-humble style for which he's famous . . . in the picture, below at the left, he's protecting his dead son from harm in such a weird way you have to see it to believe it . . . in other scenes filmed to test your sanity **RICHARD TODD** attacks his wife with an **AXE** . . . **HERBERT LOM** transfers his mind into a little **MANNIKIN** which then goes and **KILLS** . . . **ROBERT POWELL** is **CHOKED** to **DEATH** by his **DOCTOR** . . . **BARRY MORSE** gets a **GUN** shoved down his **THROAT** . . . and . . . **JAMES VILLIERS** rests for a few moments after someone shoves some **SCISSORS** into his **CHEST** . . .



. . . **BARBARA PARKINS** picks up an axe and brutally drives it inward into her own (lovely) face in one of the most powerful, vicious scenes ever filmed . . . but make-up man **ROY ASHTON** does a lousy job of portraying her afterwards, for the supposedly self-mutilated Miss Parkins still looks beautiful . . . he's not really to blame, its **IMPOSSIBLE** to make B.P. look anything but the strikingly beautiful woman she always is! . . .

. . . **ASYLUM** is a fast-moving, well edited collection of brutal, sadistic, weird slayings, murders and torture scenes. That's about the best way to describe Rosenberg's and Subotoky's latest creation. These are the gentlemen who brought you **'THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD'** and **'TALES FROM THE CRYPT'** . . . Both of which were well-edited collections of brutal, sadistic, weird slayings, murders and torture scenes. The author of **ASYLUM, ROBERT BLOCH**, wrote **PSYCHO** a while back for **ALFRED HITCHCOCK**, which was a bit deeper, a bit better written, and it probably **paid** Bloch 'better too'. He does a so-so job of **dialog** but some of the things he tries to do in this film are really very unsuitable for the movie medium. He's got a little **doll** that crawls about **killing** . . . well . . . the doll looks as **stupid** as you **imagine** it would. He has **'parts of a body'** attack a woman . . . an arm, a leg, a torso . . . each **attacks** under its own mysterious animation! You can't imagine what a self-animated **torso** looks like till you've seen this film! It **is** however, a totally enjoyable film if you overlook certain very foolish scenes, and one which **WE RECOMMEND YOU GO AND SEE!**

. . . in 2 weird scenes almost **TOO** weird to explain, macabre tortures are inflicted upon unwitting victims . . . **MAGEE** as Rutherford is moaning about the tribulations of directing an asylum when a motorized brain-doll sneaks up behind him on a table and shoves a scalpel into the back of his neck . . . meanwhile **RICHARD TODD** as Walter-the-husband-of-a-voodoo-priestess is stuffed into an ice freezer by his wife where moments before he stuffed **HER** after **CHOPPING HER UP** and **PACKAGING HER** in several neatly wrapped **PARCELS** . . .



. . . there is an excellent and moving scene in this film, one which is at once disturbing and frightening . . . it occurs right at the end when the 'climactic twist' is revealed . . . the camera slowly and quietly watches the outside of the miserable mansion that is the ASYLUM . . . then it lifts as the laughter starts . . . the depraved, sick, diseased laughter of a **LUNATIC**, the awful, shrieking, throbbing lunatic laughter of a **MAD-MAN** . . . at this moment in the theater where we previewed **ASYLUM** with other critics, there was not a single sound . . . there was a sort of a disguised, squelched **choke** from within that theater body at the sound of **GEOFFREY BAYLDON** as he **LAUGHED** and **CRYED** and **CHOKED** out a laugh on the screen that **FROZE BLOOD** . . .

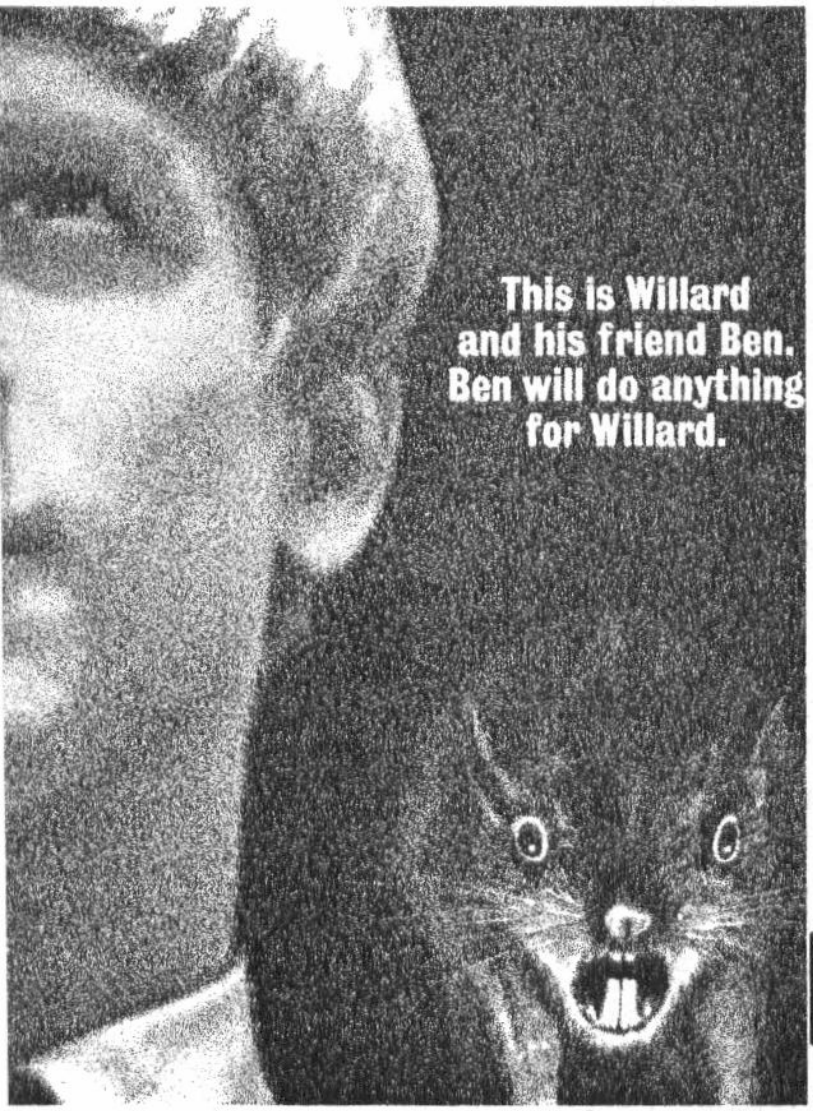
. . . our thanks to Bayldon for a **TOTALLY TERRIFYING** sound that single-handedly makes this film worth going to see . . . **ENCORE** . . . **ENCORE BAYLDON** . . . **ENCORE** . . . choke . . .

. . . welcome to the **ASYLUM ISSUE** . . . wherein we present such ignoble talents as Gory **GUAL,** Vicious **VILANOVA,** Jaundiced **JEFF JONES,** Grumpy **GARDNER FOX,** and many macabre miscellaneous others too corrupt to mention . . . this, is the page of **PREDICTIONS, PROTESTATIONS** and **PROCRASTINATIONS** . . . where the **IMP OF THE PERVERSE** takes hold of your **LETTERS** and lumps 'em all together into the following obscure mess (known in the magazine business, humourously no doubt, as 'letters pages!') . . .

...This...

...is the Lunatic Page of the Asylum Issue...

. . . wherein we discuss the who, where, what and when of the horror-mood . . . but never, never will we ever discuss the **WHY . . .**



. . . lotsa you have been sending in letters to define PRIMAL-SPINAL (in Horror-Mood terms) . . . nobody has got it right yet tho: **GARY ANDERSON** of Tulsa thinks it means: Primarily relating to the backbone or primal backbone; and **SHEILA SWANSON** of St. Paul thinks it means: an injection into the bottom of the spine, or, a primate of man like the monkeys of **'the SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH;** but . . . **NOPE** . . . you're **BOTH** w r o n g . . . **EVERYBODY is WRONG** . . . nobody has won the free one year's subscription to **PSYCHO** yet . . . so keep entering . . . **HINT:** try using horror-mood type words . . .

. . . **HILDA RODRIGUEZ** of the Bronx writes: ". . . I read **NIGHTMARE 8** and I thought it was **FANTASTIC** . . . all the stories were realistic and I could easily feel myself swirling in a sewer full of **BLOOD** . . . when I was reading **THE TUNNELS OF HORROR** I virtually **CHOKED** . . . I got that issue from your **BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT** and I'm going to order MORE . . ." . . . back issues are being processed these days faster'n you can whistle 'Ben' . . . no more delays . . . satisfaction guaranteed . . .

. . . **RONNIE BLAIR** of Cumberland, Kentucky writes: ". . . **NIGHTMARE 10,** to say the least, really got me into the **HORROR-MOOD** . . . I'm a new fan and this was my second issue but I'd like to say that I'm a fan for life. Or at least for the duration of my comic reading, which has so far been 6 years regularly and more than that on and off . . . **WHY,** after reading color comics so long I turned to yours I may never know . . . I'm just glad I **DID** . . . **WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?** is the best **NIGHTMARE** story I've read so far . . . hope to see more great issues . . ."

view today to: COMICS OPINION
— the Editor —
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 EAST 41st STREET
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017.

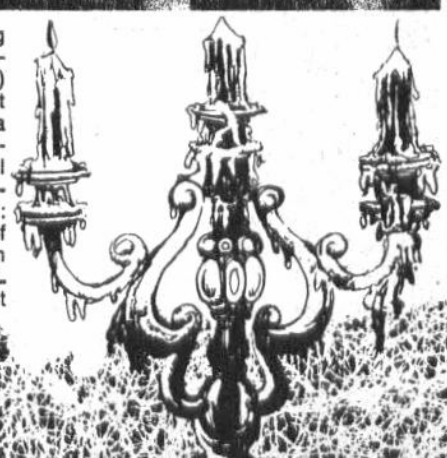
. . . although **the great horror-mood gargoyle contest** is over as announced in the **NIGHTMARE - WINTER - SPECIAL #1** many of you continue to send in entries, which is nice y'know . . . many of them deserve honorary mention . . . like **RICHARD RANN'S** of Oak Park, Illinois, ". . . I mainly want one because I've always wanted to hear the pitter-patter of little feet and the flip flops of little brittle wings around my house . . . another reason is because you never know what **KIND** of gargoyle is going to come out . . . it is always exciting to place **BETS** on this . . . whenever I find a gargoyle egg I rush it to all my friends to place wagers on what kind of gargoyle is going to crack-out . . . yes . . . and this can be a lot of fun too . . . but mainly it can be PROFITABLE . . . and it's not everyday you get a gargoyle egg from the mentally unbalanced and unstable maniacs of the mood-team . . ."
". . . I'd like one . . .", writes DON HALES of Verdun, Quebec, ". . . because they make a perfect **TOOL.** You can commit an extremely bloody murder, yet the police do not classify these as **DEADLY WEAPONS,** so you can't be **ARRESTED** for carrying one around. Actually, a **HUMAN-SKULL** can be **crushed** in the same manner with a common **rock,** but with a **GARGOYLE EGG,** for some reason, the victim does not die right away, but rather **LIVES** for several months in **EXTREME AGONY.** Also, it looks good on a bookshelf! . ."

. . . in the next **NIGHTMARE** a rat named **WILLARD** is gonna **kill you** . . .

. . . and when he's **FINISHED** his pal **BEN** is gonna **EAT YOU** . . .

. . . this is kind of a 'typical letter' we're happy to say . . . at least in that more and more color comics readers are 'discovering' the black and white medium . . . we're pleased to say **WELCOME** and we extend our invitation for you to **PARTICIPATE** in comics-making . . . we have a feature called **'COMICS OPINION'** where-in YOU the reader, is given space on this page to rap about the whole comics medium . . . no holds barred . . . write your

. . . are you enjoying the 'shoggoth' series? . . . featuring tales like **THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH, THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND, WHERE ARE THE**



. . . this . . .

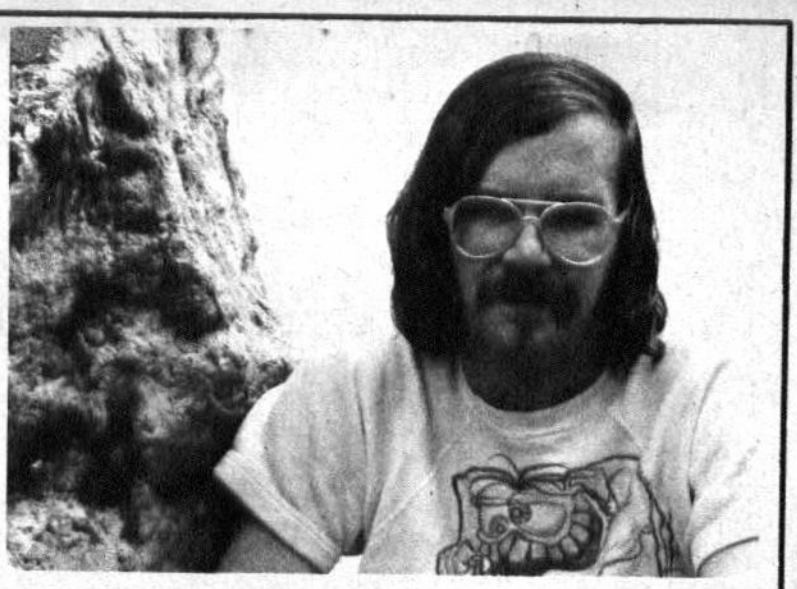
. . . is GROTESQUE **GARY FRIEDRICH** . . .

. . . this guy is totally devoid of **SANITY** . . .

His master-work **HELL-RIDER** earned him the name **GROTESQUE'**; it shook the **brain-pebbles** around a bit, didn't it? He's coming up with more of the same weird-stuff pretty soon, as soon as we can pry him away from **MARVEL** for a few minutes, where he's dutifully working on their **'FRANKENSTEIN'** title, which in our opinion, is the best comic adaptation from a major classical work we've **EVER** seen . . . (well, it **FIGURES** with **GROTESQUE GARY** doin' the adapting) . . .

. . . here he poses for Archaic Al's Nikon in front of the filthy, fetid **MISSISSIPPI** near his home in **JACKSON,** which is rumored to be slowly **sinking** . . .

. . . into the ATLANTIC! . . .



INHABITANTS OF EARTH?, and **THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH . . . ?**

the word **SHOGGOTH** is from the weird vocabulary of the late **H. P. LOVECRAFT,** whose publishers are ARKHAM HOUSE, SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN, 53583 . . . one of America's finest publishing houses and publisher of exquisite **LOVECRAFT, COLIN WILSON** and **AUGUST DERLETH** volumes . . . drop 'em a note and ask for a publishing list of current titles . . .

. . . and never will be if we have anything to say about it . . .

. . . and thanks to **GARY JOHNSTON** who likes to see gross things in stories . . . BARBARA NIEMANN who thought **SATAN'S CELLAR** was a great photo-feature (huh?) . . . **RONNIE HARRIS** who wants **HAROLD ISEN** as an artist (who?) . . . **MICHAEL BOUCHARD** who wants the **HELL-RIDER** back . . . **RANDY TURNER** who wants more scientific stories and true-to-life dreams because of his **NAME** . . . (he **does** — wait'll you see **CASANDRA** comin' up soon from the mad mind of MANIACAL MARV . . .) . . . **JOSEPH HUZIOR** wants more spacemen . . . **DANNY FARRIS** who agrees with our 'XEROX AWARD' REPLY 100% . . . **JAMES CIRENA** who thinks ARCHAIC AL threw the missing issues (from the back issues ad) out the window of the **SKYWALD** building (you're right I **DID!** . .) . . . **MARK WOLFE** who stopped buying the competition when they raised the price, because acter to introduce 'things' . . . (you'll get one in **SCREAM NUMBER ONE**) . . . **CRAIG SMITH** who doesn't want to see a 96 page magazine-book selling for $1.00 because it would cost 2 cents a page instead of 1 cent (wow . . . some of you people are really **WEIRD!**) . . . **ANGEL CRUZ** who wants to see some 'flesh-eaters' . . . **KEN DAHLBERG** who reads E.C. Comics (what newsstand?? . . . Rush us back an answer . . . quick . . . quick . . .) . . . **LORAN BLOOD** who wants more **BLOOD** (ulp!)

. . . a **PARANOIC POEM** from **STEVE PETERS** of Indianapolis

". . . While flipping through some dusty books
Up in a long-lost tower,
I came upon a text on birds
At just the midnight hour.

It was no ordinary book
I knew at just one glance;
The creatures of the air it showed
Soon put me in a trance.

I saw the fierce-eyed jabberwock
That whiffled through the wood.
The next page showed the Jubjub bird
Who's never up to good.

The volume pictured hundreds more
From bats to flying coils,
But most of all, I liked to see
The sly but mute gargoyles.

Those mighty beasts of stony flesh
Survey the earth below . . .
Their limestone eyes collect the now
Just for the **THEN** to know!

Their silence speaks profundity,
That's why I've made a search
For gargoyle eggs whose stony forms
Are found up in their perch.

A gargoyle egg, when hatched could yield,
That most inspiring elf,
Whose presence would, undoubtedly
Bring peace within one's self.

I've never found the egg, although,
In search I've done my best.
Those wise old beasts must know my wants;
They always **GUARD** their **nests!** . ."

. . . **Lydia Johnson** of **Brooklyn** dropped us this note ". . . this is my first letter to any mag. editor, be it horror mag, or any other. I'm just writing to say I loved **'the HUMAN GARGOYLES'** story and I'm overjoyed to learn it is a regular feature . . ."

RICHARD GRUNERT of Brown Deer, Wisconsin writes: ". . . I like a cover that catches the eye; then too, there should be a strong title to fit the picture. The biggest disappointment I've seen is a magazine that fails to have a story to go with the picture on the cover . . . something SKYWALD has never been guilty of . . ."

. . . **DOREEN DUGGAN** who wants more blood . . . **JOYCE QUINN** who wants us to try a love story . . . **CHARLES HATLEY** who wants us to review the movie **'STANLEY'** . . . **MIKE ERICKSON** who wants more nightmares . . . **JOSE MENDOZA** who wants more creeps . . . **COLLETTE SAIKI** who wants to say **ALOHA** to everyone . . . **MASRU WILLIAMS** who wants a pin-up page . . . (you got it . . . wait'll you feast your eyes on the **CENTER-FOLD** of **SCREAM ONE** . . . a pull-out, pin-up, by ZESAR . . . wow . . . gosh . . .) . . . **JOHN THOMSON** who thinks maniacal **MARV WOLFMAN** should work for us even if just it's a blatant rip-off . . . **RICHARD ADAMS** who reads **NIGHTMARE, PSYCHO** and **RICHIE RICH** comics . . . **GEORGE McBEATH** who wonders why we don't have letters from readers in our letters pages (huh??) . . . **DANIEL LUGO** whose favourite writers are **DOUG, FRED, JIM** and **AL** (who on earth are **JIM** and **FRED?**) . . . TAMMY HARKNESS who has trouble finding us on the newsstands in FURNACE, Pennsylvania (Hey candy-store owners in Furnace, P.A. . . . stop burning us . . . we're in **DEMAND** out there!!) . . . **CRYSTAL CHRISTIAN** who wants the black arts featured . . . **ARMAND BENJAMINO** who wants a char-

. . . and that's all people . . . next issue we're unleashing a **NEW** and **DYNAMIC** new 5-part series about the **ORIGINAL DRACULA** . . . it's gonna be a CLASSIC . . . miss it not . . .

. . . keep those cards, letters, photos and weird I'll sketches comin' in . . . all of them are loved and cherished . . .

-ARCHAIC-

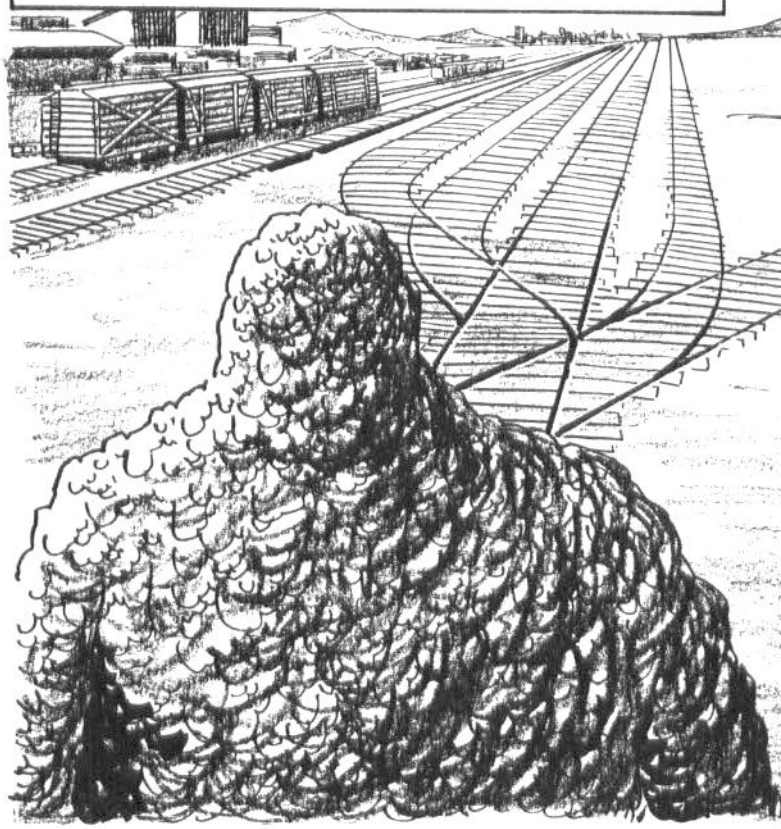
...THIS...
...IS A NEW HEAP...
...THIS MONSTROSITY THAT RISES IN THE FILTHY MOONLIGHT IN THIS UGLY AND FETID SWAMP IS NOT THE HEAP WE ONCE KNEW AND HATED... NO...NOT THIS THING... THIS IS A MINDLESS BEAST...
...HE SUNK INTO THIS PLACE NOT LONG AGO WHEN HE BATTLED THE DARKKOS WEREWOLF... AND THEY CONTINUED TO DO WAR UNDERNEATH THESE BROWN, THICK WATERS...NOW...ONE EMERGES...NOT PURELY ONE... ONE WHO IS REALLY BOTH...
HEWETSON + VILANOVA

...HIS NAME IS THE HEAP - BUT HE IS GREATLY CHANGED... HE IS WITHOUT A MIND... HIS BODY HAS LOST ALL HUMAN QUALITY AND IS NOW ONLY A SOFT MUSHY LIVING PILE OF SLUDGE...
...LOOK INTO HIS EYES... DO YOU SEE REASON? OR DO YOU SEE WHAT IS REALLY THERE... NOTHING!! WITHOUT A MIND... THIS BEAST IS A VICIOUS DISEASED THREAT TO ALL WHO WALK THIS SOPHISTICATED, LOGICAL WORLD... FOR WHEN THIS HEAP STALKS... WE WILL COME TO REALIZE WHAT UTTER EVIL REALLY IS...

...THE HEAP AND THE WORLD SHALL SHUDDER

...DO NOT EXPECT TO HEAR THE *WORDS* OF *THIS* MONSTER... OR LISTEN IN TO HIS *THOUGHTS*... HE *HAS NONE*...

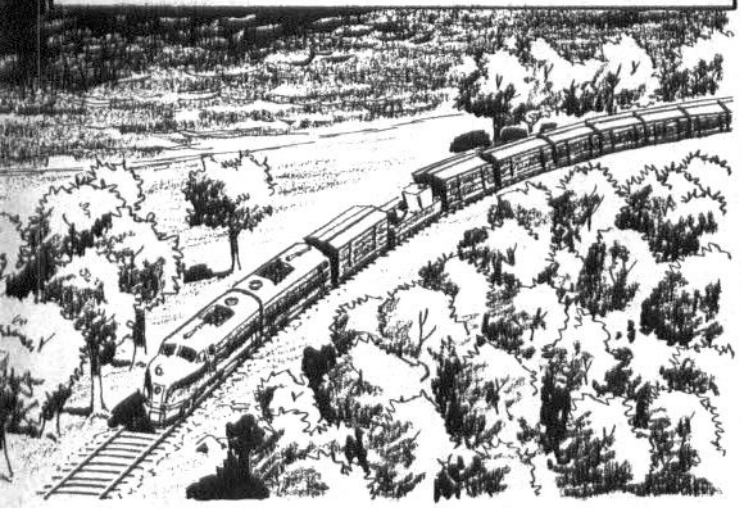
...WHAT MAKES HIM WALK AND *WALK*, MILES AND *MILES*, *THRU* THIS SWAMP TO THE GRASSY *EDGES*, THRU THE LOUISIANA *COTTON FIELDS* AND APPROACH THIS GREAT CITY OF *NEW ORLEANS* IS NOT AN ORGANIZED *BRAIN*... ONLY AN *INSTINCT* WHICH DRIVES HIM BLINDLY *FORWARD* TILL HE *ACCIDENTALLY* COMES UPON THESE *RAILROAD STOCK-YARDS*...



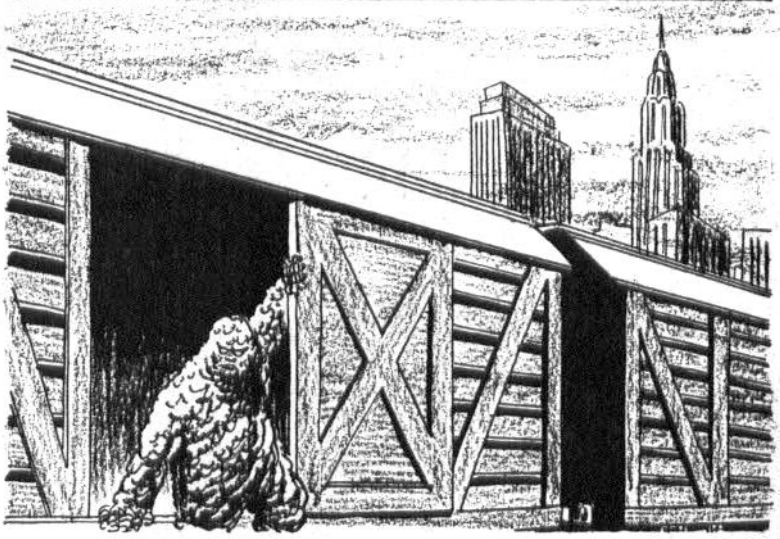
...WHAT MAKES HIM RIP OUT THE *TRHOAT* OF THIS HELPLESS *STEER* TIED WITHIN A *CATTLE-CAR*, THEN *DEVOUR* HALF THE BEAST *RAW*... IS *INSTINCT*...

...WHAT MAKES HIM CRAWL INTO AN EMPTY *STOCK-CAR* AND LIE DOWN UPON THE HEAPED STRAW, CLOSE HIS EYES AND ALMOST GENTLY FALL *ASLEEP* IS *INSTINCT*... IT HAS *EATEN*... NOW IT MUST *SLEEP*...

...AND WHEN THE TRAIN SLOWLY MOVES OUT THE SOUTH AND WEAVES ALONG THE ATLANTIC ON ITS WAY TO *NEW ENGLAND* TO FEED THE NORTH, THE *HEAP* DOES NOT *STIR*... FOR, WITHOUT A MIND, HIS SLEEP IS NOT *TROUBLED*... AND HE IS IN *HEAVEN* FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS *LIFE*...



...TILL THE CAR IS STOPPED IN A SIDING IN THE WORLD'S *MIGHTIEST* CITY... SHUNTED ABOUT AS IT IS RE-ORGANIZED FOR *LOADING*... ONLY *THEN* DOES THIS *HEAP* FOR THE *FIRST TIME* SEE HUMAN BEINGS...



...AND FOR THE *FIRST TIME* IN HIS LIFE... *KILL* WITHOUT *REASON*...

OH GOD GOD GOD GOD HAAA!!

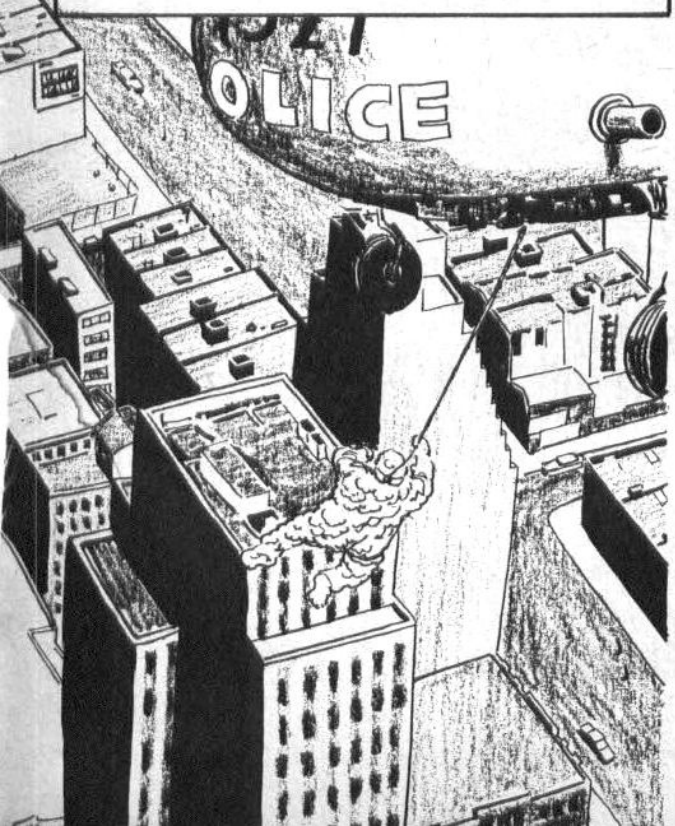
WHUUUUMMPH

...POLICE SHELLS COULD NOT INJURE THE OLD HEAP... THEY CANNOT INJURE THE NEW HEAP... THIS NEW BEAST DOES NOT IGNORE THEM THO... HE DOES NOT KNOW WHY THEY ARE FIRED... IN IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY AND FEAR... SO WHEN HE IS ATTACKED HE ATTACKS BACK...
...WHEN HE HAS FINISHED... KILLED THEM ALL... HE STALKS OUT THE YARDS AND INTO THE CITY... HE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS FOR IN THIS RAMPAGE... PERHAPS HE LOOKS FOR NOTHING...
...FEAR IS A FORTUNATE EMOTION... FOR IF THE PEOPLE HE ENCOUNTERS WERE NOT AFRAID OF THE SIGHT OF HIM THEY MIGHT ATTACK... HE WOULD BE FORCED TO ACTION... AS IT IS, IT IS A STRANGE CITY, THIS NEW YORK, AND THE PEOPLE HEREIN LET HIM ALONE... AND THE HEAP IS ALLOWED TO WALK THROUGH THE STREETS WITHOUT ANY OPPOSITION...
TO A MOVIE
TIMES SQUARE
MARLON BRANDON
THE GOD FATHER
MARLON BRANDON
THE GOD FATHER
AL PACINO -
ANATOMY FOR

...ONLY WHEN HE HEARS THE BEATING OF ***HELICOPTER BLADES*** AS HE PASSES BY THE STEPS OF THE NEWYORK PUBLIC LIBRARY DOES HE LOSE HIS ANIMAL ***TEMPER*** AND GRAB THOSE AROUND HIM... MAYBE HE THINKS THEY CAN BE ***HOSTAGES***... MAYBE HE ***WOULD*** THINK THAT... IF HE ***HAD*** A ***MIND*** TO ***THINK WITH***...

...THE POLICE COPTER DROPS A MECHANICAL ***CLAMP*** WHICH GRIPS HIM FRANTICALLY BY THE ***NECK*** AND BEGINS TO LIFT HIM OFF THE GROUND...

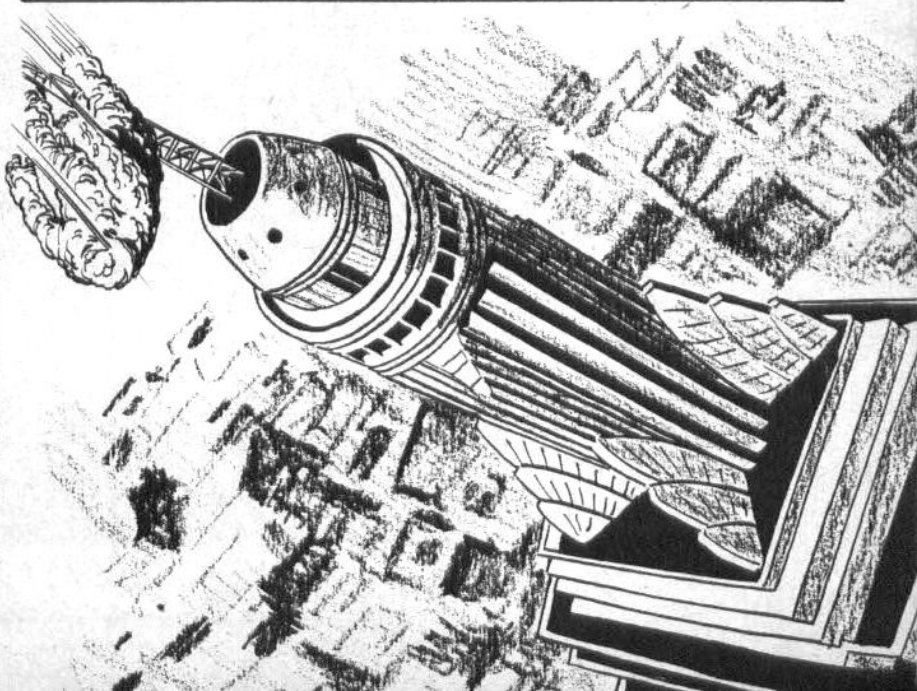
...HE FIGHTS AND ***STRUGGLES***... BUT THE CLAMP IS HORRIBLY AND ***DEEPLY IMBEDDED*** INTO HIS ***THROAT***...



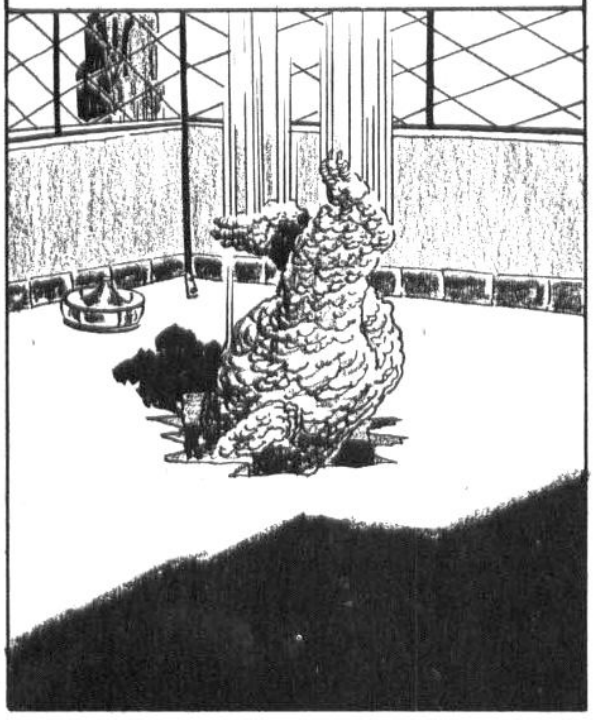
...BUT HE IS A THING OF ***TREMENDOUS*** STRENGTH... AND HE FINALLY ***TEARS LOOSE*** THE HOUSING FROM HIS ***NECK***... HE IS FREED!... THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE MANHATTAN HE BEGINS TO ***FREE-FALL***... IT IS A SITUATION ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF... BUT WHAT OUR EYES SEE IS ***NOT*** DECEIVING...

DIRECTLY BELOW HIM -- IS --

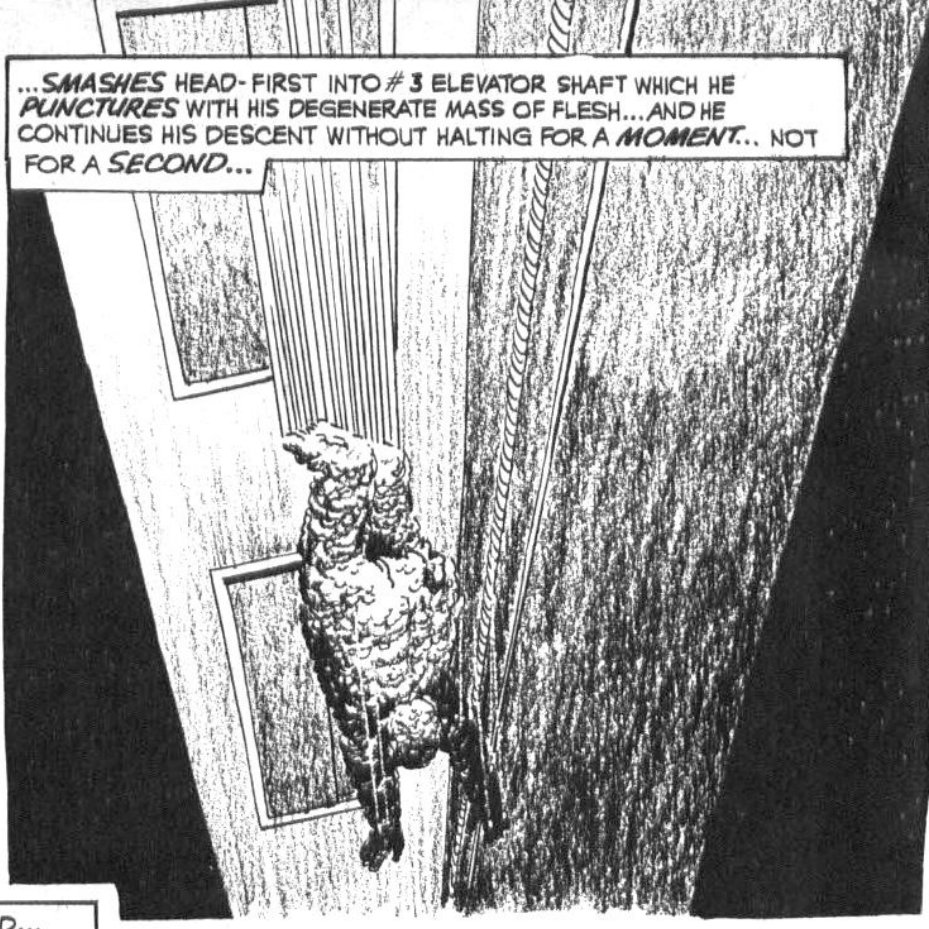
THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!



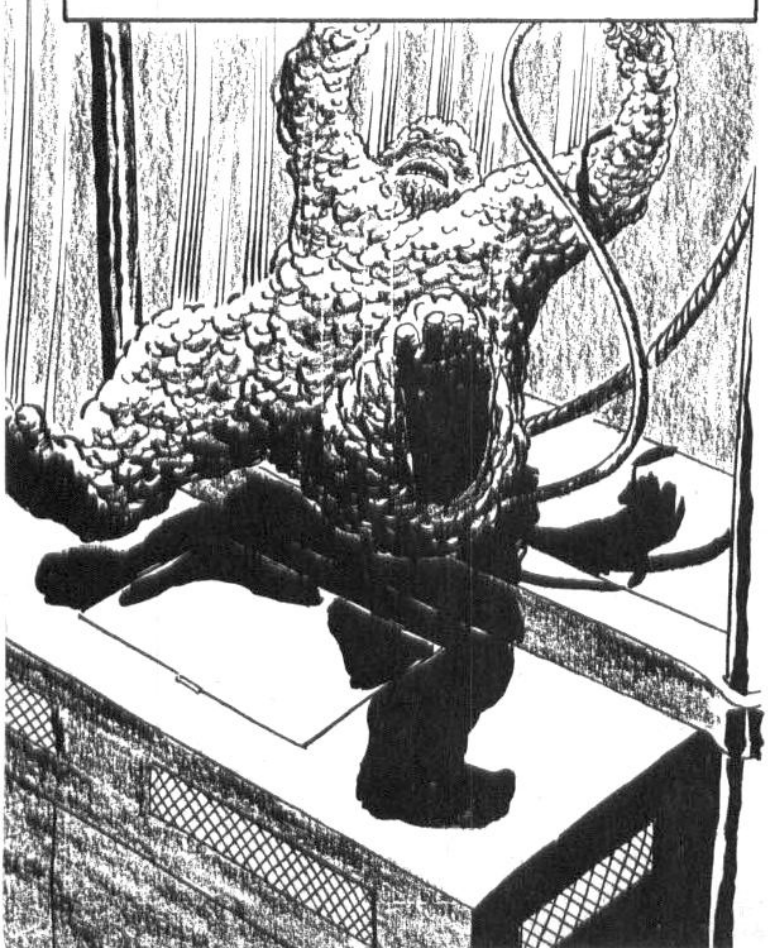
...THE ANGLE OF HIS FALL IS *CRUEL*... FOR HE HITS THE VERY TOP OF THIS GIANT BUILDING *FULL-FORCE* AND *SMASHES* THRU THE *ROOF*..



...*SMASHES* HEAD-FIRST INTO # 3 ELEVATOR SHAFT WHICH HE *PUNCTURES* WITH HIS DEGENERATE MASS OF FLESH... AND HE CONTINUES HIS DESCENT WITHOUT HALTING FOR A *MOMENT*... NOT FOR A *SECOND*...



...ON THE 30TH FLOOR THE *ELEVATOR* IS STOPPED... *FULL* OF *PASSENGERS UNAWARE* OF THEIR IMMINENT *DEATH* - AS THE *HEAP* APPROACHES THE BOX IT BEGINS TO SHUDDER AND THE CABLES BECOME LOOSE... THE *HEAP* HITS THE *TOP* OF THE BOX JUST AS IT BEGINS TO FALL *ITSELF*... AND HE DRIVES IT FASTER AND *FASTER* INTO THE DEEP SHAFT...



...WHEN THE BOX AND THE SCREAMING PASSENGERS HIT *BOTTOM* THE IMPLOSION IS *AWESOME*... THE ROOF COLLAPSES *INWARD* AND *DOWNWARD* AS THE *HEAP* SMASHES THRU AND *CRUSHES THRU* THE PEOPLE...

...IT STOPPED *THEM*... BUT NOT *HIM*...

...BEHIND HIM 10 DEAD PEOPLE - 10 CRUSHED, BEATEN, BROKEN *DEAD PEOPLE* - BEFORE HIM THE *CEMENT* AND *STEEL TRACKS* OF THE *NEW YORK SUBWAY SYSTEM TUNNELS*... THE *HEAP FINALLY* BEGINS TO *LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS*... THE *EARTH* WHICH HE NOW SPEEDS THRU CLOGS HIS *LUNGS* AND *SUFFOCATES HIM*...

...AND WHEN FINALLY HE IS *HALTED* BY THE *CEMENT* AND STEEL HE *IS* UNCONSCIOUS... ONLY THE STEADY THROBBING OF AN APPROACHING *TRAIN* SEEPS INTO HIS BRAIN...

WHOOOMM

...WHEN IT BECOMES *LOUDER* AND *INCESSANT* AND *BURNS* INTO HIS *HEAD* HE LIFTS HIS EYES TO SEE THE SOUND *COMING AT HIM*... SEE THE *2 BLARING LIGHTS COMING AT HIM*... AND HE STANDS UP *SLOWLY*...

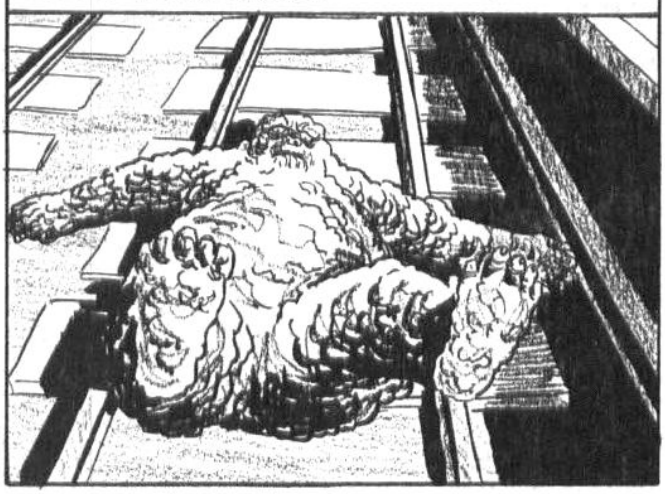
RRRRRRRRRRRRR

...AND WHEN THE *RUSHING 80 M.P.H* ENGINE HITS *HIM* IT TOTALLY *LIFTS HIM OFF THE GROUND*... DRIVES WITHOUT EVEN SHUDDERING UNDER 12 CITY BLOCKS *SCREAMING* ITS *MECHANICAL LUNGS* OUT...

...WHEN HE ENTERS THE SUBWAY STATION THE DRIVER SEES THE MONSTROSITY AFFIXED TO HIS MACHINE AND BRAKES *TOO FAST*... THE TRAIN *ROCKS* AND *BUCKLES* AND THE PASSENGERS ABOARD *FALL* ABOAT AND MANY ARE *CRUSHED* AND *KILLED* AS THEY FLY THRU THE GLASS DOORS AND WINDOWS...

32 32

...THE *HEAP* FELL FROM THE TRAIN, WHEN IT STOPPED, ONTO HIS *BACK* ON THE FLOOR OF THE TRACK... HE WAS STUNNED FOR A MOMENT...



...THEN HE STRETCHED HIS GREAT ARM TO THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM WHERE A CHILD STOOD... AND HE *PULLED HER VICIOUSLY* TO HIM...

...THE SAGA OF THE *HEAP* IS THE SAGA OF A TORTURED INHUMAN BEHEMOTH... HE HAS ALWAYS *DEFIED* THE *STUPIDITY* AND IRRATIONAL *FEARS* OF THOSE WHO WOULD ATTACK HIM... HE HAS ALWAYS ACTED ACCORDING TO WHAT HE *KNEW* WAS *RIGHT*...

...*NOW*... HE *KNOWS NO SUCH THING*... AND WHAT HE WILL DO IS *NOT PREDICTABLE*...

NEXT: *WHEN DIES A LUNATIC... SO DIES A HEAP!*

...THE *CONCLUDING* CHAPTER OF THIS *2 CHAPTER SPECIAL!*...

...THIS IS MY ASYLUM...
... BY MY USE OF THE WORD 'MY' I MEAN I AM THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS PLACE... NOT THE CARETAKER OR AN INMATE AS YOU MIGHT ELECT TO BELIEVE FROM MY APPEARANCE... NO, I AM THE PROPRIETOR... I OWN THIS PLACE... AND THEREFORE I FEEL I OWN THE PEOPLE HEREIN...
...FOLLOW ME... LET ME EXPLAIN BY SHOWING YOU...
AND MAY I SAY--
Welcome to my asylum
...THIS MAN NOW WALKING TOWARDS US IS THE WARDEN... OR, AS HE IS AFFECTIONATELY CALLED BY THE INMATES... RUBBER CEMENT HEAD...
...THIS IS BECAUSE ALL IDEAS FOR REFORM BOUNCE OFF HIS HEAD LIKE SO MANY CHUNKS OF HARDENED GLUE...
...MORNING SIR...
... GOOD MORNING WARDEN FLUD...
FLUD IS A CREEP -- BUT EMMINENTLY QUALIFIED HE CLAIMS... I AM RECONSIDERING HIS POSITION HERE AT MY ASYLUM... I SOMETIMES FEEL HIS QUALIFICATIONS WOULD BE MADE BETTER USE OF AT A ZOO PERHAPS...
...ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARS...
HOWEVER... LET ME SHOW YOU SOME OF THE INMATES...

...THIS IS ETHEL CRITCHEN ...SHE IS A WITCH...
...WELL, SHE THINKS SHE IS...
WE INDULGE HER -- LET HER HAVE THIS POT TO PIDDLE AROUND IN... SHE DOES THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT OF MY ASYLUM A GREAT SERVICE BY GATHERING UP ALL THE RATS AND ROACHES AND FROGS AND MISCELLANEOUS SMALL CREATURES WHO ARE OUR CONSTANT COMPANY IN THIS POORLY FINANCED INSTITUTION OF HIGHER INSANITY...
...YOU'LL NOTE HOW THE CORRIDORS OF MY ASYLUM ARE STUDDED WITH GIANT PADS...
...THIS IS NOT SO THE INMATES CAN'T HURT THEMSELVES... I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THAT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER...
...THE REASON IS TO PREVENT SOUND ESCAPING FROM THE CELLS... ...AND THERE ARE MANY SOUNDS...
--HERE-- LET ME SHOW YOU...
...HEH HEH...
HIS SUSCRIPTION TO MAD JUST CAME IN TODAY AND I GUESS HE'S JUST LAUGHING HIMSELF SICK OVER THE MOVIE SATIRE OF 'THE EXORCIST'...
...IN CASE YOU'RE ANTICIPATING THAT THIS FELLOW WAS ONCE HIMSELF AN EXORCIST OF DEMONIC POSSESSION...
...YOU'RE WRONG -- HE WAS ONCE A DEMON...

...THOSE HEREIN ARE INCURABLE I MIGHT ADD... AND SO I DO NOT CATER TO SUCH EXTRAVAGANT AMMENITIES AS GOOD FOOD, PROPER HEALTH SERVICES, OR MEDICAL TREATMENT OF ANY KIND...
...I MEAN-- WHAT'S THE POINT?
NOW MEET ONE OF OUR REAL PRIZE PEOPLE...
...THIS IS WALTER ORTEGA...
MR. ORTEGA CAME TO ME FROM VENEZUELA VIA TRAMP STEAMER... WHILE VOYAGING FROM HIS COUNTRY TO THE UNITED STATES HE ATE EVERYBODY ELSE ON BOARD SHIP...
WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED HERE HE ATE TWO OF MY ATTENDANTS... THIS IS WHY HE IS CHAINED TO THE WALL LIKE THAT... SO HE WON'T EAT ANYBODY ELSE...
...MR. ORTEGA HAD BEEN WITH US FOR 3 YEARS...
...HE HAS BEEN DEAD FOR THE LAST 2 YEARS AND 345 DAYS...
AH- A SPORTS ACTIVITY... LET US STEP IN JUST FOR A MINUTE TO SEE HOW THE BASKETBALL GAME IS GOING...

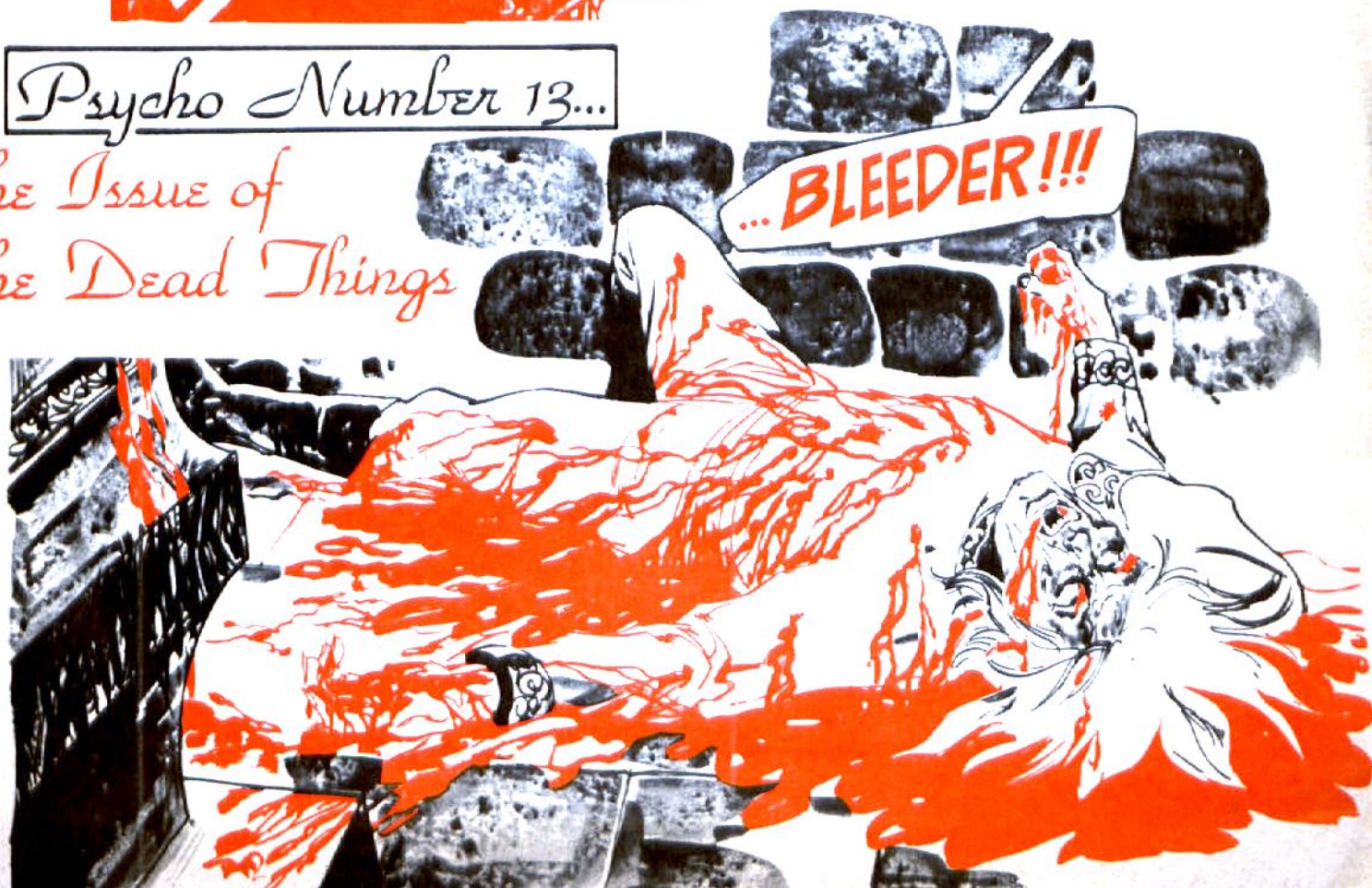
AH.!
...QUITE THE SPORT THIS... AND YOU'LL NOTE HOW MUCH FUN EVERYONE IS HAVING -- DELIGHTFUL ALSO, TO NOTE, THAT WE ARE WINNING -- THIS IS AN INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT... WE ARE PLAYING A GROUP FROM SOME CEMETARY UP IN RHODE ISLAND...
...I DO MEAN UP OF COURSE...FOR AS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED THE NAME OF MY ASYLUM IS HELL...
...AND I AM ITS PROPRIETOR ...HEH HEH... ...HEH HEH... ...WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM...
FOR ONCE YOU ENTER, AS YOU INDEED ALREADY HAVE... YOU MAY NEVER LEAVE ...HEH HEH HEH...
COME... JOIN IN THE GAME...
HAW HAH HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH

...These...

...Are The Collector's Special 13th Issues of Total Horror...

Nightmare Number 13...

The Issue of Crumbling Horror

Psycho Number 13...

The Issue of The Dead Things